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# The Adventures of a Young Girl

## A Romance



By  
MARION PHELAN

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR







THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG GIRL







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# THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG GIRL

## CHAPTER I

**I**N yonder valley, situated about five miles from Dublin, stood a picturesque little cottage, noted for its arched trees and beautiful scenery. From the cottage window could be seen a lake well known for its deep and treacherous waters. On its banks stood a young girl, with a mass of golden hair floating on the breeze, cheeks aglow with the roses of health, and eyes the hue of violets in the dell. They called her Butterfly.

She passed from flower to flower, drinking in their perfume, happier and more free from care than the butterfly or the bird flitting from tree to tree. The birds and flowers were her companions, she loved them and all Nature, she was always decked with wild flowers. She came each dawn to the lake, fairylike in her loveliness, her dimpled hands filled with food, and her eyes with pity. Her tender calls brought the hungry birds flocking around her; many were warbling their songs of thanks, while others partook of their morning meal. Her gentle mother, looking from her bedroom window, was touched with the deepest sympathy as she watched with tenderness her little daughter and prayed heaven to spare her until she should grow into womanhood and be happily united in the bonds of matrimony.



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Her father was the descendant of an old Irish family, who boasted of their heroes and great men, and he too died bravely on the battle-field. Underneath the burning skies of Arabia he lies in a soldier's grave; inscribed on his tombstone are the words, "The greatest hero of the day." Butterfly Fields inherited her great beauty and vivacity,—that attracted so much attention,—from her mother. All eyes were turned upon this golden-haired girl; her sweet innocence and kind deeds won all hearts. The poor children of the neighborhood loved her; when sickness visited their homes she, like a ray of sunshine, was always there, whispering words of comfort, gathering wild flowers for their bedsides, comforting and helping to lighten the burden of those poor little children that fate had not dealt with so kindly.

Mrs. Field's health was anything but robust; since the death of her husband care and sorrow had dimmed her beauty, and left her with a pale, sad face. She decided that her daughter's early training should be in a convent. Butterfly must now bid adieu to her lovely home among the flowers, where she was so happy and free, to take up her life under the severe yet careful training of the convent. She whispered pleadingly to her mother that she felt that the sunshine of her life was departing, that those happy days would not return. "Who will comfort you when I am gone, and drive away your cares, and sorrows? When the poor children of the village are down with the fever there will be no one to carry them wild flowers, or to soothe them. I can scarcely bear to leave this happy place, but if you say it is best, Mother, I will go."

The beautiful months of flowers had fled, leaving faded brown leaves, and the earth that was robed in glorious green was fading; all nature was dying. Here and there in the meadows you could hear the merry voices of the peasants gathering in their harvest. Evening had arrived with its fragrant



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soft air. Butterfly had gone to her room; sorrow was at her heart at the thought of leaving her darling mother for the first time. She awoke at daybreak after a rather restless night; the autumnal sun was pouring in through her windows, the birds were singing, and some of them were waiting for their crumbs. She hurried on her white morning robe, slipped quietly from the house, carrying with her food for the birds. She called them, saying to them in a tender voice, "In two days I shall be gone, and you will know me no more." "In two days," she whispered to the lake with its treacherous dark waters, "I shall bid you adieu. Many pleasant days have I spent upon your flower grown banks. You shall know me no more as simple Butterfly Fields."

The morning of her departure had arrived, bringing its glorious rays of sunshine. With tears of fond affection the mother and the daughter bade farewell to each other. The speeding train dashed with great rapidity to the station, and bore its beautiful burden away, over hills and mountains,—tired and weary after her journey, Butterfly reached her destination,—the beautiful convent of St. Bernard's. It was situated on a high mountain, and was surrounded by fields of purple heather; its lofty trees, with their trembling brown leaves, whispered in strange, mournful voices. From the tower windows, looking beyond the mountain top, you could see the deep, silvery sea, and hear it moaning and sobbing, and dashing wildly against the rocks like the awful wailing of the lost soul.

Butterfly looked in wonder at this strange and dignified edifice. Mother Clare greeted her kindly in the drawing-room. Mother Clare was the Mother Superior of the Convent. This sweet-faced, kind, and motherly nun charmed Butterfly. "You are tired after your journey," she said gently, patting her hand in a motherly way. "Dinner will be served presently, and then you can retire." She touched a bell, and



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immediately a trim, intelligent maid came in. "Jane, show Miss Fields to her room," she said kindly.

Jane led the way up the broad, winding stairs, to a plain, but neatly furnished room, then withdrew.

Butterfly was preparing for dinner, and before she had time to remove her travelling gown the dinner bell rang; two by two, the young ladies marched to the great dining-room. Butterfly hurried on a pretty white dress, brushed back her golden locks, then hurried down the dark, yet wonderful old corridors that led to the convent dining-room. All eyes were turned toward the newcomer and her rare loveliness. St. Cecilia met her and escorted her to her seat in the spacious dining-room, with its immaculate linen. Some of the fair young faces in that room were lily-like, while others were like June roses.

When dinner was over Butterfly retired to her room. The full glow of the evening was passing. The western wind, soft and caressing, swept through the branches of the stately old trees, and darkness was spreading over the land. Butterfly retired early, fatigued after her journey. The pale moon shone through her bedroom window and kissed the lovely curls that lay like ringlets of gold on her soft white pillow. Her mind was a little disturbed. "I ought to be happy in this peaceful, beautiful place, but a cloud hangs over me." So, with sweet memories of home and mother, she was soon wrapped in peaceful slumber.

The new born day brought its glorious sunshine, and new duties for her. After breakfast the girls set to work. Mother Clare in her sweet dignified way asked Butterfly what art she liked best.

"I like painting," she said smilingly. "I am fond of music, but I do love to paint. I may have to earn my living some day, and who knows but I may be famous?"



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"Would you like to be famous, Miss Fields?" asked the fair, slender girl by her side.

"Yes, it is my fondest hope," replied Butterfly.

As time rolled on Butterfly progressed wonderfully; she was a good student, and showed great talent as an artist. The sisters loved her, her schoolmates both loved and envied her, she reigned queen of her class. She had one dangerous rival in Dorothy Gregg, who was the only daughter of wealthy English parents. She had dark flashing eyes, that in scorn could flash like a demon, and raven black hair. Her teeth were like pearls, and her cheeks were tinted with the hue of the rose. Her schoolmates called her "Haughty Dorothy."

"I cannot bear that Butterfly Fields," said Dorothy to her companion. "Everything is for her. She runs this school, and I cannot stand it. I wish she were gone from here. They say she is poor, too."

"Do not talk so, Dorothy," her companion replied chidingly. "You know Butterfly is marvelously beautiful, and very talented, and that means more than riches."

"It does not, and neither is she beautiful," and Dorothy's great dark eyes flashed with scorn.

"Talking again, Miss Gregg. You deserve to be punished. Do not repeat this again," said Mother Clare firmly. "You know the rules of this school and you must abide by them."

"I always deserve to be punished," muttered Dorothy under her breath, "while Butterfly reigns queen of the school."

"What did you say, Miss Gregg?" asked Mother Clare.

"I was repeating my lessons," said Dorothy, trying to choke back her scorn.

Sister Cecilia announced that it was singing hour, and the girls marched to the music room. Dorothy was humming to herself, and beating time with her dainty hand, and now and then casting a sarcastic glance at Butterfly.



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"Oh, Sister Cecilia," said Dorothy pleadingly, "let us sing 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

Dorothy knew that this song always pained Butterfly and dimmed her eyes with tears. Butterfly always left the room when the song was being sung, for the recollection of a home and a lonely and delicate mother that needed her in her declining years affected her deeply, and she did not wish to display emotion for Dorothy to jeer at.

"Dorothy," said her classmate who stood beside her, "why do you like to pain Miss Fields? You know that song always saddens her."

"I do not," she replied; "nor if I did would I care."

"For shame, Dorothy Gregg," returned her companion indignantly. "You boast of your proud English ancestors, and yet display such lack of breeding. You are a disgrace to them. You have tried to reproach and demean that poor girl. She has never given you any cause. See how her beautiful golden head shines like a lovely sunbeam beside yours,—a dark cloud."

This touched Dorothy's pride; a crimson blush came to her cheeks, and her haughty head was bowed for once. Before she had time to answer, Sister Cecilia took her seat at the piano and announced "All together, girls." She had stopped to talk to Mother Clare a moment, then they sang the well known song, "Won't you buy my pretty flowers?" As soon as they were finished each girl was called upon to sing separately. Butterfly was chosen to sing first. She had a delightful voice, soft and sweet, and she selected her favorite song, "Gathering Wild Flowers from the Dell." This song always awakened sweet childhood memories in her breast, and with thrilling voice, filling the room with sweet tenderness,—which held the listeners in thrall,—it stole over the senses of all, awakening tender memories, and delighting everybody. It even softened Dorothy's hardened heart.



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"How very beautiful!" exclaimed Sister Cecilia. "You are a credit to our school. I wish all our pupils were like you."

Again Butterfly carried off the honors. Dorothy heaved a sigh, for in her father's home she held sway; her parents idolized her, the servants attended more through fear than love her orders and whims. They were frequently discharged, without being told the reason, but in the well disciplined convent of St. Bernard's Dorothy could not have her own way, and in consequence her pride was deeply wounded.

The last streak of daylight had found its way through Butterfly's window. She was awakened by the sound of a howling gale and the tossing and swaying of the naked elm boughs against her window. She arose softly so as not to awaken her companions, and throwing open the shutters, looked out over the mountains that a few months ago were robed in green. Now they were equally as beautiful in their snowy whiteness. It was bitterly cold outside, the sky seemed heavy, indicating that there would be another fall of snow, and the white-covered trees looked like a picture she had longed to sketch. As she gazed upon this picturesque scenery the thought flashed through her mind of the time when she should return home to her lonely mother and Ivy Cottage, not as simple Butterfly Fields, but as an ambitious artist that all the world should know. She dressed very quietly, her face aglow with excitement, so enthusiastic was she over her new-found object to paint. She wrapped a heavy shawl around her, then she stole softly down the stairs, and unbolting the heavy doors, stepped out on the wintry lawn, heedless of the biting blast. The robin redbreast sang a song as she approached, but its voice seemed troubled, for it was cold and hungry.

"You poor bird," said Butterfly, with pity in her voice; "why do you remain in this freezing place? Why do you



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not go where the sun always shines? Where do you find food and shelter now that the trees and ground are covered with snow?"

The wind sighed and wailed, and the snow fell softly from the heavily laden branches to the white pall below. Some of it wafted across and lingered upon Butterfly's beautiful face as she was earnestly sketching the scene.

Suddenly she heard footsteps on the crisp snow. Turning around she saw a figure robed in costly furs. It was Dorothy Gregg. She came down the wintry lawn, and going in the direction of a large oak tree, looked into its hollow trunk, then with a quick, nervous hand threw back the snow, as if in search of something concealed therein, and the object proved to be a treacherous weapon,—a bow and arrow. Dorothy's brother, — who had since died, and who now lies in the Gregg resting-place in England, and who was a skilled marksman,—had taught her how to shoot. Butterfly watched this haughty beauty, and wondered what she intended doing with the peculiar weapon.

Suddenly Dorothy looked around, as if in search of something else, her dark eyes shining with cold brilliancy, her queenly head held high. She walked back and forth, and looking up toward the snow-covered branches of the elm tree, she spied the robin redbreast, and pointing her weapon in the direction of the cold and hungry bird, was about to let the arrow fly when Butterfly stepped from behind the tree. Her sweet face was flushed with indignation.

"You are cruel, Dorothy Gregg. Mother Clare shall know of this. You have concealed weapons around here. The Sisters will be astonished at your conduct."

Dorothy's eyes flashed like those of a maniac, and her crimson cheeks turned as white as the snow that lay at her feet. In an instant, as if inspired by a demon, she deliberately took aim at Butterfly, and the deadly arrow flitted past her, tear-



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ing a hole in her loose, flowing garment. Butterfly's sketch-book dropped from her hands.

Horried and bewildered, she exclaimed: "Oh, Dorothy, how could you? I have never injured even the little birds. I have been a victim of your jealousy ever since I came to the convent. I have never wronged you in any way, and yet you have tried to kill me."

Dorothy fixed her cold dark eyes on the girl. She laughed contemptuously. "To kill you!" she exclaimed, as if horrified; "the thought never entered my mind,"—with a toss of her proud head. "It was a mere accident. I am sorry if I frightened or disturbed you. Should my mother or the proud ladies of the Gregg family hear of your false accusation, Miss Butterfly, you might regret it." Again Dorothy's cold proud face was defiant.

Butterfly was stunned at this proud, false girl. "Dorothy," she said, "some day your pride will have a fall, and you shall suffer the pangs your proud manner has inflicted upon others."

Picking up her sketch-book that had been lying on the snow, Butterfly walked away, disappointed and sad at heart. As she turned around she looked as if in search of the robin red-breast; it had flown in the direction of the steps near the convent door, unconscious of the fight she had fought for its life.

"I defended you," she said to the bird, "but I nearly lost my life by doing so."

As she stood there she looked divinely lovely, her golden curls flowing on the breeze, her violet eyes making a beautiful contrast to the snow that was blown around her by the gale.

Presently the rising-bell rang, and shaking the snow from her cloak, she hastily entered the house.

"I will be missed," she murmured. "Mother Clare will wonder at my absence," and she tripped hastily up the winding stairs to her room.



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Her head ached and her nerves were unstrung after her strange adventure with Dorothy. She could hear the sound of merry voices chattering in joy at the thought of their Christmas holidays. One more week would bring the great day that would release them from their studies, and the thought quieted Butterfly's shattered nerves. How she longed just then to be with her darling mother! She walked toward the window, and the December winds sighed and moaned without.

"I hope Mother is well," she mused.

She was aroused from her thoughts by a gentle knocking, and a sweet voice said, "May I come in, Miss Fields?" It was Sister Agatha. "Why, dear child," she exclaimed, "you look pale and frightened."

"I am well myself, thank you," Butterfly replied, "but I fear my mother is not."

"Mother Clare wishes to see you in the drawing-room; she has a telegram from your mother."

"She is well, I hope," gasped Butterfly, and her pale face turned a shade paler.

"I think not quite, my dear," said Sister Agatha; "Mother Clare will tell you."

"I will be down immediately," said Butterfly respectfully, her heart throbbing with doubt and fear.

Grasping the banister, she went down the broad staircase to the drawing-room. Mother Clare awaited her, and observed her anxious face as she entered the room.

"You are very nervous, my dear," said Mother Clare, stroking gently the golden curls.

"My mother is not seriously ill, I hope," said Butterfly, with an anxious expression.

"There is nothing to be alarmed about," said Mother Clare gently. "Your mother is not well, but she wishes your return at once."

"May I go now?" said Butterfly pleadingly.



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"Yes, my dear, as soon as you are ready," replied Mother Clare.

"How we shall miss you, Butterfly. You have brightened our school, and displayed wonderful genius. I am sorry you have to go, dear. I hope you will find your mother quite recovered, and return as soon as vacation is over."

"I sincerely hope so," returned Butterfly, with another anxious look. "My sojourn at the convent has been very pleasant."

But it escaped Mother Clare's notice that her fair face was clouded for a moment; she was thinking of her adventure with Dorothy Gregg. Then, with an obeisance, Butterfly went hurriedly away to prepare for her journey. She was much cheered by Mother Clare's kind words. In less than an hour she was ready to leave the convent, which was beginning to grow so very dear to her. Bidding farewell to her schoolmates and the kind, loving Sisters, who regretted so much to learn of her sorrow and expressed many wishes for her return, she drove away, and was soon speeding over the snow-covered mountains to Ivy Cottage. She was missed very much by her schoolmates,—all but Dorothy Gregg, who wore a triumphant smile.

"The school is well rid of her; she tires me with her goody-goody ways," said Dorothy in her usual cold manner.

"By the way, Dorothy," said her classmate, Miss Sutherland, "the school has lost its charms for me since Butterfly went. Her presence brightened the schoolroom as a sunbeam brightens a gloomy prison."

"You annoy me by talking of Butterfly's virtues; she is as silly as her name," said Dorothy, with a dash of scorn in her voice.

Miss Sutherland turned away with a shudder.

Butterfly arrived at Ivy Cottage after a rather tedious journey, as the snow was deep on the mountains. She was met by



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Molly, her mother's faithful servant, whose anxious look and pallid face told her that her mother was dangerously ill.

"How is Mother?" she asked the girl.

"Your mother lies at death's door, Miss Butterfly," said the faithful Molly. "The Doctor has but little hope of her recovery; she has been stricken by a treacherous disease of the heart." The words pierced her young heart.

"If Mother dies, I have no one in the wide world," she moaned, and raising her tear-stained eyes to Heaven, she prayed God to spare her mother. Presently she went upstairs in the direction of the silent chamber where the angel of death stood near, and opening the door she softly entered. A nurse rose silently and made her way to Butterfly.

"How is Mother?" she whispered.

"Oh, you are her daughter who has been away to boarding-school. I am so glad you are here. Your Mother is very low. She calls incessantly for you, and the doctors have impressed upon us that the least excitement, the least agitation, means death to your dear mother."

"I will be careful," said Butterfly, with a sigh.

The large, silent chamber was lighted by a night-lamp that stood upon the table, but it was carefully shaded. A faint glimmer of light fell upon the bed and upon the white drawn face that lay upon the soft pillow, a face that once was as beautiful as the fairest flower. In the eyes there was the faint, filmy look that comes into the eyes that death has begun to darken. For a moment Butterfly stood and gazed in silence on the stricken figure, and her frail, delicate form trembled with emotion. She stood by her mother's side and touched the soft white hand that lay upon the counterpane, and her mother opened her eyes.

Seeing who was there, she cried, "My daughter, my only child. Oh, Heaven spare me to you!" Butterfly kissed the pale face with her fresh young lips.



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"Dear Mother," she said gently, "it is indeed your only daughter. I have come to cheer and comfort you. I am here to soothe your pains."

"My daughter," moaned the feeble voice, "how different I thought it would be for you. How I long to remain with you, and guide you through the rough, thorny path that must be the road of a young girl, alone, beautiful, and penniless."

Butterfly's lips quivered, her bosom heaved. "Oh, Mother," she said, "do not talk so. Heaven will spare you to me. You are very ill, I know, but with great care and time you will recover. You must not excite and trouble yourself about my future. Kind angels guard the orphans."

Again the golden head was bent over the white thin face and Butterfly kissed her mother warmly. "How brave you are," said the feeble voice, and her mother, though dying, burst into passionate tears.

The nurse cautioned Butterfly that the least excitement might mean sudden death, and turning to the patient, she said gently: "Do not excite yourself. This is indeed too much for you."

Butterfly begged to remain with her mother, but the nurse persuaded her that it was better for her not to do so for the present.

"I will leave you now, Mother," she said gently. "You will rest and be better to-morrow."

When Butterfly was going her mother called her back. "My daughter," she said, "it all comes back to me. How I used to kiss your baby face and think to myself what a grand future I would make for you. Stoop down and kiss my lips as you used to do."

All the love and tenderness of the young girl's heart was stirred by the words. She laid her fresh, rosy lips on those that had spoken so affectionately to her, and the mother and the daughter embraced each other with unwonted tenderness.



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Then Butterfly left the room softly, and returned to her own; and when the door was closed she fell upon her knees, with a passionate outburst of tears. She knelt by the little couch and buried her face in her hands, her whole figure stricken with passion of her sorrow; and raising her tear-stained face to Heaven she entreated in the agony of her despair that the Lord might spare her gentle mother.

"What shall I do," she said between her heart-broken sobs, "if Mother dies. No father, no mother, no brother, no sister, and I so inexperienced and penniless, too. . . . I must be brave for the present for Mother's sake."

She walked toward the window; the night was bitterly cold, the stars shone brightly in the Heavens, the moon was flitting by as if bound to reach some unknown shore.

"Just like our lives," said Butterfly sadly, "flitting from this life to the great unknown region beyond, from which no one has ever returned to tell us the great mystery."

Just then the door opened and Molly came in. "Poor child," she said kindly, "this is awful for you, Miss Butterfly. Let me put you to bed; a rest will do you good."

"Just think, Molly," said Butterfly, "two days more will be Christmas. I wonder if the sun will shine for me, or go out of my life forever."

"Let us hope the sun will shine for you," said Molly, with tears streaming down her cheeks. And helping Butterfly to undress she tucked the trembling form into her snowy white bed. "Who knows but the morrow may bring good news?" said Molly soothingly.

"If it would only bring back Mother's health, how happy we will be again."

Butterfly, being exhausted, was soon wrapped in doleful slumbers. Molly sat watching the lovely face that was now feverish, the golden hair that was tossed carelessly on the pil-



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low. "What a pity," thought Molly, "that so young and fair a creature should have to bear such sorrow."

Scarcely were the words spoken when the nurse came rushing up the stairs,—breathless and excited.

"Come, Miss Fields, hurry,—quick, quick! You will not find your mother alive," were the wild, excited words that sounded like a death-knell on the peaceful night.

Speechless with terror, the slumbering form awoke. Molly threw a dressing-robe around her and she staggered down the stairs to the sick room where the angel of death stood waiting. Two doctors were in close attendance upon the pale brave patient who was never to see the light of another day.

"I want my daughter," she whispered as Butterfly entered the room. She turned her wistful eyes toward her child, and never until her dying day will Butterfly forget that look. She opened her arms to her. "Daughter," she cried, "I am going to die. Come to me; let me die in your arms. . . . How long have I to live?" she asked in faint tones of the physicians. "Is my life to be counted by hours or by minutes?"

"By hours," replied the surgeon sadly.

"Then leave me with my daughter alone. . . . Oh, daughter," she whispered, "I love you so well, and I have to leave you. I must die." She drew the fair golden head upon her breast. Butterfly saw great drops of moisture on the white brow, and she sobbed aloud in untold agony. "I want you to think of me all the rest of your life as your fond and loving mother who did everything she could for you. Do not bury me in that gloomy vault where my ancestors lie. I could not rest there. Bury me in the little village churchyard where the sun shines, and the dew and rain fall. I have had little sunshine in life, let its glorious rays shine over my resting-place. I would not be sorry to die if it were not for you, dear. I have heard voices calling me that no one else seemed to hear."



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She was failing fast, the whispered words grew fainter, then last of all she said, "Promise me that when the cold world frowns upon you, a poor orphan child, and when you are walking through its rugged path fighting for the bread of life, and when the sharp thorns shall wound your tender heart, and at times when life looks dismal and trials and temptations cross your path, promise me that you will be brave, my dear daughter, and then not only will your deeds be rewarded in this life, but on the great eternal morning when all us poor mortals shall stand trembling side by side. Let me hope, dear child, you will be numbered on the roll of the army of martyrs, and shine amongst them a radiant star. Promise me you will heed your mother's warning."

"I promise," said Butterfly, with a wonderful effort to keep up courage.

"There is a distant relative of your Father's on the south side of London," her mother continued. "He is a barrister. He loved your father; he might befriend you. I do not know the street nor the address. I have made few friends, as you know."

She gave one long gasp, as if trying to catch her breath, her head bowed and her sweet lips that poured forth such golden words were stilled forever. At the sound of Butterfly's most bitter cry the watchers without returned. She was not dead then, but she died just as the sun was rising over the hill-top. One last ray lingered on her pale brow, and her lips were closed in an ethereal smile.

Mrs. Fields was buried in the little churchyard in high ground where the first rays of the morning sun would brighten the spot where she lies. No one who had ever known Mrs. Fields could ever forget her, for her life had been full of kind deeds and generosity. In the glow of summer and the dew of autumn sweet flowers bloom on her grave. Yet they are no purer than the heart that has ceased to beat.



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After the funeral letters of sympathy continued to pour in to the bereft orphan, especially from the dear Sisters of the Convent of St. Bernard's and from many of her schoolmates. Miss Sutherland wrote:

"MY DEAR MISS FIELDS: Tears fall like rain-drops as I write this epistle. Neither tongue nor pen can describe my sorrow,—which is sincerely from my heart,—in this dark hour for you. Great drops blur my eyes; I can scarcely see the paper. Trouble comes to us all sometime in life, but it comes to you when you needed most a mother's protecting hand. Let me be a sister to you, and let my home be your home. My mother extends to you her deepest sympathy and bids you a thousand times welcome. I want you always to remember that you will ever have a true friend in your own

"JASMINE."

When Butterfly read this consoling note she heaved a sigh. "Dear me," she murmured, "how strange it is that I should have met a dear unselfish friend and a treacherous foe while I was at school. One's love is as strong as the other's hate. Jasmine is the dearest girl in all the world. I appreciate her great kindness, but not one morsel of the bread of charity shall ever enter my mouth. I have hands and I shall use them. I have brains and I shall exert them. I shall remain in Ivy Cottage for at least a year, and then I shall go forth to seek my fortune. I know Molly will stay with me. She has a great big heart brimful of sympathy. I will go right now and ask her."

She went to where Molly was busy in the kitchen preparing the noonday meal.

"Molly," said Butterfly, "I have decided to remain in Ivy Cottage. Would you care to remain with me?"

"Yes," said Molly, "I shall always be pleased to be with you for your dear mother's sake. Her kindness to me when I was stricken with scarlet fever I never shall forget. She nursed me with her own hands, and brought me from the jaws of death, and she did a number of other things for me that I



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will not mention." She saw that Butterfly was weeping. "I am sorry, dear, if I have renewed your sorrow. I will try not to mention your dear mother's name again."

"Oh, do not say that, Molly," said Butterfly; "it sometimes consoles me to talk of Mother. I must try and recover from this sorrow. Then I shall feel able to go to work."

"What do you intend to do?" asked Molly, somewhat surprised.

"I hope some day," said Butterfly, "to be a great artist."

"I admire your ambition," said Molly, "but sometimes we cannot reach what we desire to be."

"If I fail I shall seek the next best thing. I have not thought over the matter seriously as yet."

"Where do you intend to go?" asked Molly.

"To London," was the decided reply. "I have a relative in London on my father's side; he may assist me."

"What will you do if you cannot find him?"

"Why, go in search of work,—sketching or painting."

"Dear child," said Molly, trying to conceal her tears, "you remind me of a young dove, scarcely yet in plumage, let loose in eastern skies, that does not know where to light."

"Yes," said Butterfly, somewhat interested, "but many a young motherless dove has become a great carrier-pigeon."

"That is true; and many a one has flown away, become exhausted on the journey, lighted never more to rise."

"Oh, Molly," said Butterfly, who was now disheartened, "do not discourage me. I have nothing left but my hands, and my brains. Do not try to destroy my confidence in them. What else is there for me to do? Ivy Cottage is leased for one more year, then my sojourn here is ended. I cannot maintain myself here. I am forced to go, and if the worst comes, I shall meet it, you know, Molly. My mother's income I do not inherit after her death."

The faithful girl was now surprised at the child-woman,



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and she said, "You have my best wishes, and God be with you."

"I know it," said Butterfly, extending a white hand, with somewhat of the warmth of a sister. Then she returned to her room, more serious in thought than before.

Times were very dull at Ivy Cottage. Molly tried to make it as pleasant as she could. Neighbors called; some came sometimes out of curiosity, while others pitied her with a pity surpassing words. Butterfly kept within doors most of the time. She spent the long hours of solitude in giving reign to the artistic genius she inherited from her mother. So the weary year was spent at Ivy Cottage, and the time was at hand when she must say adieu to the home of her childhood.

The world awoke to another Spring. The season brought forth green leaves to the trees, wild flowers to the woods, hawthorns to the hedges, and love to young hearts. Happiness seemed everywhere; but to Butterfly it brought nothing except despair.

"Molly," said Butterfly, "this is our last morning in Ivy Cottage."

"Yes," said Molly, "we have spent many a pleasant day here, and they may return for you."

"No," said Butterfly, who was now looking out over the flower-decked plains, "those simple childhood days will never return. I must hurry and catch that early train."

Glancing outside she saw that the cab was already waiting. Her neighbors gathered around to give her their best wishes; some of them were astonished at her cheerfulness, and one old woman said she was hard-hearted, but "childer" soon forget their parents. Butterfly was resolute; she was determined to be brave. She had promised her mother so, and promises with her were not made to be broken. As the cab rolled up to the station they alighted, and Molly approached to say good-bye, for the train was now at hand.



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"Dear child,"—Molly had always addressed her so,—“if ever you are in trouble, and my small aid is of any use to you, it shall be my greatest pleasure to help you, or at least to comfort and cheer you. Send for me. I shall fly to you on the wings of an arrow.” As she said these words her voice was choked with suppressed grief.

“Thank you,” said Butterfly, almost humbly. “I can only appreciate your great kindness in words, but some future day I may have the honor to repay them by deeds,” and as the train puffed out its good-bye signal Butterfly took a longing, wistful glance at her home, hardly daring to hope that she would ever see it again,—the trees, the ground, and the gardens, all clothed with the light, fragrant mantle of spring,—and these words were on her lips:

“You are not for me, you are mine no more,  
Other eyes will gaze thee fair  
And other hands will pluck thee rare.”

As the words died upon her lips she burst into a flood of tears, which were wrung from her sorrowing heart. Two young men who were aboard the same train were touched by her grief.

One of them laughingly said, “Cheer up, my pretty little miss, there are better days a-comin’. There are lots of good times in the land of the free.”

Then they sang one of those lively airs that soothes a disturbed heart. They belonged to the class of whole-hearted, hospitable Irishmen that one meets every day on Erin’s shore. They were bound for the land of freedom. The kind-hearted strangers soon disappeared, leaving her again with her gloomy thoughts until she reached the city of London, where she intended to start her life of independence.

She watched the hurrying throng with childlike curiosity, for she had never been before in a great city like London.



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"Why," she mused, "they are all running as if in search of an object," but had she been a woman of the world, she would have known that they were all after the one object,—the mighty gold.

She went directly in search of her father's relative, but failed to find him in the place where her mother thought he resided. No trace of him could be found, so she went to Barristers-at-law, Lawyers, and Councillors to make inquiry; then she inserted in a newspaper the following advertisement:

Any tidings of Mr. Fields, Barrister-at-law, supposed to reside somewhere in the south side of London, will be gladly received by his dear friend and cousin's only daughter.

MARION FIELDS,  
15 First St.,  
South London.

She waited patiently. The only account she got was that Mr. Fields had left some time before, and it was thought that he had gone to South Africa. His wife had died three months before he left. "I can do no more," Butterfly mused. "It is too bad; he might have assisted me."

Her heart beat fast with anxiety to know what the future held for her. Then began the fierce struggle against fate and poverty; her sole resource was her paint brush. Each morning she was up at dawn and hard at work. Placing her easel near the window, to get all the benefit of the light she could, she exerted her brains to think of novel and quaint designs, and she succeeded even beyond her hopes.

"I am delighted with these," she murmured, with much glee. "I know they will sell well. I hope some day to be famous. I would like to do some good work, and hear them tell me that I have not lived in vain."

The golden sun sank slowly and found Butterfly still at her work.

"I will stop now," she murmured, as her eyes were beginning



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to ache. "I will go out and see the curious sights of London. To-morrow I shall see my sketches all finished, and I will carry them in triumph to their critical buyers."

She put her work away, and donned a black hat that showed her beauty off to perfection. Her golden hair was coiled behind her small head in a picturesque fashion, and her black dress was made as simply as possible. She walked along very slowly, and her glorious violet eyes were scanning the sights with much curiosity. Now and again she would hear a word of praise in her favor. She came to a little park, and with a sigh she turned in and sank wearily on one of the benches placed beneath the trees. Few people were about; her thoughts were on herself and how she was suddenly thrown into the great big world alone. Unexpectedly a man approached her.

"Pardon me, Miss," he said. "Can you tell me the way to Saxon Street?"

Butterfly was startled. "I cannot, as I am a stranger in the city," she replied.

"How came you to be here alone in this big city?—and unchaperoned?" and he gave her a keen glance from his radiant starlike eyes.

"Destiny sometimes makes a careless chaperon, and I am one of her neglected daughters," she answered smilingly.

"You do not mean to tell me you are all alone," he said.

"Yes,—alone," she said, with a sigh.

She observed more closely his strikingly handsome face, the features of which were Grecian and the eyes of a deep starlike blue. His complexion was hardly as fair as his countenance was perfect. Despite all this, Butterfly felt a wave of dislike for this man pass through her mind.

"May I ask where you came from?" he said. "If you will pardon my intruding so far."

"I came from a pretty little nest amongst the ivy," she answered laughingly.



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"Oh, you did," he said. "Well, I have a pretty little nest too, and I want a mate," giving her a smiling look from his beaming eyes.

"Have you a mother?" she asked sadly, as she thought of her own dear mother.

"No," he answered.

She arose hurriedly as she saw that the dusk was fast approaching. "I must go," she said.

"Pardon me, but may I venture to ask before you go where you came from?" and his voice was deep and earnest.

"I came from the little Isle that has produced so many brave men," she answered, as she thought of her soldier father in his far-off lonely grave, where the desert wind chants his requiem and which the God of Mercy does not neglect.

"Indeed! Well, then, you are of soldier extraction?" he said inquiringly.

"Yes," she said, "but you must excuse me. I have to go."

"One moment," he said, and exhibiting a card-case he pulled from its contents a card, and handing it to her he continued: "If you will allow me, in the future I may prove a friend to you. I am always interested in unprotected women."

She looked at the card and read the following words:

"Sir John Russel,

"Knighted with Honors by her Majesty."

He observed that her face was mantled by a blush of the deepest carmine, and her eyes were just like the blue-eyed violets, and he murmured to himself, "She is a bewitching little creature."

Butterfly's eyes kindled with thanks as she said, "I cannot express my gratitude, Sir John Russel, for your kind offer."

"Don't mention it," he said. "If you will allow me, I will see you home in safety."

"Many thanks," she said sweetly, "but —"

"But what?" he said.



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"I will often have to be thrown on my own resources, and I had better get used to it."

"Do not worry about that," he said, soothingly. "Spring brings its beautiful foliage, and who knows what the month of roses may bring?"

He walked home with her to the door of her dwelling-place, then he touched his hat respectfully, and wished her lots of success in her new life. Butterfly was delighted with the kind offer of her new-found friend.

"Providence has repayed me the kindness, for many are the tired travellers I have cheered," she murmured, and as she entered her room she hummed softly one of Molly's hymns:

"Oh, my soul is going to shine, going to shine,  
Oh, my soul is going to shine, going to shine, going to shine  
By the great white throne.  
Oh, my soul is going to shine,  
And I shall live in Heaven some day."

Another morning dawned, sultry, for in smoky London the air was far from being the balmy air around Ivy Cottage. Butterfly, light of heart, prepared to give the finishing touches to the artist designs she had just manufactured, but her hopes and her ambitions were soon blighted, for she had spent her first day in London travelling wearily through the smoky streets, with her precious paintings and cards held carefully beneath her arm. She went to every color shop and artist's emporium she could find, but the pictures were viewed in a half-contemptuous, half-pitying manner, and she was told that there was no sale for such things nowadays, or that the market was overstocked. With a discouraged shudder of fatigue, Butterfly had wended her way home. She put the pictures away carefully and dropped wearily into a chair. She felt a lump rise in her throat, and tears streamed down from her eyes.

"Oh, Mother; Mother!" she cried, "why had you to go



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and leave me? We were so happy. Oh, the people are so cold and rude."

Then she resolutely dashed away her tears, for she had resolved to be brave, and she rose to her feet. To wait for her mother was useless, since she could never come to her child. Suddenly she heard a sound as if someone had called her name. She listened. It was Mrs. Carr, with whom she boarded. She glanced at the clock; it was indeed past dinner-time.

"I must wash those tears away; no one must know my trouble."

She hurried down-stairs, with a sweet smile on her face, but there was a dull aching in her heart.

"I must persevere," she mused. "Rome was not built in a day."

Day after day she walked wearily through the hot streets going where she thought she might have a chance of finding employment. She got promises, but that was all.

"What shall I do?" she murmured. How suddenly the beautiful world had changed for her.

"Heaven help me," she murmured.

More than one person stopped to look at the sweet pathetic face, as she wended her way along in the gloaming with a mist before her eyes. Her brain was cloudy.

"Where am I?" she mused. "Why, I have lost my way. I thought I was near home."

As she entered a street in a fashionable part of London she walked along to see if she could find a policeman, or someone to direct her to the right road. She was attracted by a young lady, fashionably gowned, who was leaning on the arm of an elderly gentleman. She thought she recognised his face, but it was dark, and observing more closely, to her surprise she saw that it was Sir John Russel. He did not see her, but this little maiden had all the curiosity of Mother Eve, and pulling her hat over her eyes, she followed in his footsteps. The



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young lady was tall, and aristocratic-looking, but not pretty. She was gowned in violet silk, which was very becoming to her dark olive complexion.

"Papa," she said haughtily, "who shall escort me to Lady Iva's festival? My governess?"

"No, my dear," he answered; "your father shall have the pleasure of your company. Your governess is too young, and not a fit chaperon. I shall procure for you a more worldly one. It will take a great deal of care off my mind. You are very young, and inexperienced, and with no mother you must be careful." At these words his head bowed.

Butterfly stepped back surprised at what she heard. "No mother," she repeated to herself; "it is sad, but she has a wealthy father, and can afford to have a worldly chaperon. Ah, me!" she cried. "I have no father, nor mother. I am homeless, friendless, and alone. I cannot even console myself by seeing the grave of my beloved mother, nor can I see the face of some dear, kind friend once more."

She at last found her way to her own cheerless abode, and when she entered her little room her eyes were moist with unshed tears. She pressed her two small hands against her heart.

"Oh, Mother, Mother!" she cried. "My soul is weary. I am so wretched, so wretched without you." She shut her lips firmly, as if to keep the cry from forcing itself between them. "Oh, Heaven help me! What shall I seek next?"

She threw herself wearily into a chair, and sobbed out her heart-rending grief. Mrs. Carr heard the faint sobbing, and entering, was astonished to see the sweet, bright girl weeping pitifully and trembling like an aspen leaf. Mrs. Carr approached the girl and said kindly:

"Tell me, dear child, the cause of this great grief. Is there anything wrong at home?"

The very words "at home" increased Butterfly's weeping;



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she thought to herself, "That is a thing of the past." Then making a brave effort to suppress her tears, she said: "I am so wretched, so lonely without my dear mother. Can you blame this little lonely maiden of seventeen summers, weary and wretched, she who was the rarest flower in her balmy home, and who is now thrown to the waves of the world, like a buoy on the ocean, with no guide."

No sleep came to Butterfly that night. She exhausted herself by trying to think of some new plan by which she could earn a living. She had confidence in her art, if she could find some one to assist her. She thought of Sir John Russel. He had promised to help her. When the sun arose she left her room, for she was tired of lying there awake. She went out to inhale the morning air; it was fresh and invigorating.

"I will go to the park," she mused, "and listen to the birds sing."

She walked along trying to forget her despair until she came to a beautiful park called Regent Park. The gaily plumaged songsters of the park made the early morning ring with their sweet music. They seemed to rejoice in the verdure of the trees and in the perfume of many flowers that was wafted to them by the soft south winds that fanned and kissed them.

At one time Butterfly would have called this a scene of Paradise, but now to the weary, solitary girl it only brought back memories of other days. She was so deeply miserable this morning that it seemed to her as if the singing birds, and the sweet flowers, and the glorious sunshine, and everything else in nature seemed to mock her woe.

"Oh, memory, torture me no more;  
The present's all o'er-cast,  
My hopes of future bliss are o'er,  
In mercy veil the past."

She arose. Her thoughts were maddening, and she walked



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hastily away, but at length a voice spoke close to her ear, in tones deep and full of music.

“And softly o’er her senses stealing  
Came a sound of music sweet.”

At the sound of the voice she turned her head, and saw her friend Sir John Russel. He extended his hand and his face was beaming with welcome.

“I am glad yet surprised to find you here, Miss Fields,” he said.

“I am taking the benefit of the morning air,” she answered, and her sad face renewed its beauty with a hopeful smile, and the thought flashed through her mind, “Thank God, my chance has come.”

Sir John observed the sweet face, and he saw that the roses had faded and that the lilies were blooming in their place.

“How do you like the mighty city of London?” he asked in that wonderfully modulated voice of his. “I presume you are achieving great success at your art.”

“I am very sorry to tell you, Sir John, that I have achieved anything but success, and my hopes and ambitions are depressed,” said Butterfly meekly.

“Indeed! I am very sorry to hear it, Miss Fields, and you must allow me to help you,” said Sir John.

The glad tears of surprise and joy filled Butterfly’s violet eyes. “How good you are, how good you are,” she cried in a low tremulous voice. “How can I thank you enough?”

“Oh, do not mention it,” Sir John answered, with a smile, and no pang of regret entered his wicked heart as he looked upon his trusting victim’s tear-wet face.

“You must excuse me, Miss Fields,” said Sir John. “I cannot tarry long this morning. I breakfast with Sir Charles Edwin at the Mansion House. You shall hear from me immediately. Be happy until then.”



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Butterfly promised, and a great load was lifted from her heart. She returned home, if home you may call it, with a lighter heart. She mused: "A bright future still awaits me, for the kindest and most amiable gentleman in all England has offered to assist me. How good and thoughtful he is."

Once more in her room with her beloved art, a true joy it was to her. It was her only hope now, for the greatest joys of her life had been taken from her. She had always found pleasure in her dearly loved art, and she prayed a thousand times that she could get work to do; and placing her easel once more beneath the skylight, she worked diligently.

"I must attain all the skill I can," she mused. "I don't know what I may be called upon to do. My only chance has come, and I must grasp it."

Butterfly was unconscious of everything save her work, but her head was feverish and ached badly; her past adventures had been very trying. The evening star had just made its appearance in the heavens, and another weary day was ending. Butterfly sighed a little, and pressed her hand to her head, it ached so; then she arose and walked to the window.

"I must get a breath of air," she murmured. "I feel faint."

As she looked out of the window she saw a messenger boy coming in the direction of the house. "I wonder if he has anything for me," she thought, and in a minute more Mrs. Carr handed her a letter.

It was from Sir John Russel, and her heart jumped with glee as she tore the letter open and read:

MY DEAR MISS FIELDS: I dine at the Mansion House at one o'clock to-morrow afternoon. May I hope for the pleasure of your company? I shall await you in the reception-room. I have news for you. Answer by messenger.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN RUSSEL.

As Butterfly read the letter over she went into ecstasies of



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joy. Never once did she doubt this gentleman. "He has good news for me," she murmured. "I wonder what it can be. Joy comes after sorrow. If my mother were only with me my happiness would be complete. As it is this news has made me very happy."

This fair lovely girl looked like a blighted snowdrop that had revived quickly with care and sunshine. A new born day had come, and never did Butterfly look fairer than on this day. Her sweet face, so young yet lately clouded with so much sorrow, was happy in her new hope. Her beautiful eyes that had shed endless tears looked like sweet violets that had been kissed by the sun in the morning dew. Her simple black dress was a striking contrast to her hair of golden hue. That day as she dallied over her elaborate and daintily served luncheon she told Sir John of her trying adventures, of how she had walked the streets day by day, and of how heartless and rude the people had been.

"However, I can only give you a slight description of it, Sir John," she said wearily.

He listened attentively. "The proverbial story of an artist's ill fortune," he said sympathetically.

"You said in your letter you had good news for me, Sir John," said Butterfly, in her childlike eagerness.

"Yes, I did," he answered thoughtfully.

"And of course I am dying to know what it is," she said.

"My secretary leaves for the West Indies on a flying business trip," he replied. "I am very anxious that you should take his place. My business at the present time is not very urgent,—only to answer my correspondence." His keen eyes were quick to see a slight disappointment flit over Butterfly's face, and he knew at once what would please her. "And then I want you to paint Clyde House, and the old-fashioned gardens, where the clear, dancing chattering waters of the Thames are flowing ever through their grounds, sporting with willows



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that trail upon its bosom, and whispering love tales to the flowers."

Butterfly gave a bewitching little laugh. "How romantic, Sir John. I shall be delighted to exert all my skill to do honor to that romantic spot."

"I shall let you know in a week from now," said Sir John, "so be ready."

"Thank you," said Butterfly, and her eyes showed gratitude deeper than words. But alas, poor child! she little knew for what this scheming gentleman was planning. He thought this beautiful helpless victim was an easy prey.

Butterfly had made many sketches of the beautiful convent of St. Bernard's, with its stately trees and spacious grounds of artistically arranged flowers that lent the place an enchantment that one could not easily forget. As Butterfly gazed on this scene she murmured to herself: "It may resemble Clyde House and the romantic spot that Sir John wishes me to paint. I will practise on it."

Butterfly worked hard, but work was easy to her now, and her soul was filled with gratitude. Five days later a boy brought her the following note from Sir John:

DEAR MISS FIELDS: I have changed my plans. My secretary does not go now, but I will keep my promise to you.

Meet me at 5 P. M. at the same place in the Mansion House, and we can then talk matters over.

Sincerely yours,

RUSSEL.

As Butterfly finished the letter a series of expressions flitted over her fair face; tenderness gave place to doubt, and happiness was succeeded by disappointment.

"He ought not to ask me to meet him like this," she sighed. "Oh, if mother were here to tell me what to do. Still, he is my only friend, and he may prove to be a true one. I cannot miss this opportunity. I will go."



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As she walked with her companion around the magnificent grounds of the Mansion House she was enchanted by the beauty of the landscape, its sparkling waters, the sweet strains of melodious music, the intoxicating perfume of the bright-hued flowers, and the nightingale and thrush that were singing rival songs.

She turned to her companion and said: "I am indeed a lover of nature. If I only could describe the thousand charms that dwell within my bosom; if I could only forget the past, and live in the present enchanting bliss."

"A tender-hearted little Butterfly like you cannot have any past," said Sir John.

"A young girl, a stranger and alone in a big city like London, must expect to have trials, Sir John," she said sweetly.

"I think you are a foolish little Cinderella that you do not enjoy life," said Sir John.

"Only the daughters of wealth can enjoy life and repose in luxury," said Butterfly, viewing the landscape around her, for it was a rest to her tired eyes.

"But the daughters of the Gods have equally the same advantage," said Sir John.

"Then I am not favored," said Butterfly smilingly.

He stooped down and plucked for her a red rose that bowed and nodded with the gentle breeze. "Be my fair rose," he said with an obeisance, "and you shall not regret it."

Butterfly's face mantled with a crimson hue, and she hesitated a moment. "Those words need explanation, Sir John," she said.

He turned around and surveyed the landscape. "If you will be my companion, you shall live in the enchanting bliss you speak of."

"You mean, you mean, as your wife?" asked Butterfly anxiously.

"It is all the same, only there is no license."



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Butterfly paused for a moment. She thought of her dog Dash; poor faithful dog, how often she had paid his license, and this gentleman was now comparing sacred marriage to a mere dog license. She drew back with a shudder, her face grew as pale as the lily that was growing near by, and for a moment the fair scene before her was blotted out.

Words came to her at last. "So you are the gentleman who promised to assist me," she said, with pity and indignation.

He stepped forward as if to save her from falling.

Butterfly's lips trembled as she said: "Relieve me, sir, of your obnoxious presence. A man like you is but a soulless knave, and a clog upon the beautiful wheel of time. The very fact that I am a motherless and friendless orphan should appeal to your manhood."

"The very fact that you are a motherless and friendless orphan increases my love," he answered, almost devouring her with his eyes.

Butterfly turned away, with a low moan of anguish, and with a prayer upon her lips. She returned to her East Side room, like a young martyr, bravely meeting her fate. She thought of the words of her dying mother: "Promise me that when the cold world frowns upon you, and when life looks dismal, and trials and temptations cross your path, you will be brave, and on the great eternal morning you shall be rewarded."

She raised her thoughtful, uplifted face to Heaven, and said sadly: "Though my crosses they are great, I will accept the trials sent me even to the darkest fate."

And the only sound that broke the silence was the gentle sigh of the night wind.

In the hour of my distress  
When temptations me oppress,  
And when I my sins confess,  
Sweet spirit, comfort me.



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When I lie within my bed,  
Sick at heart, and sick in head,  
And with doubts discomforted,  
Sweet spirit, comfort me.

—ROBERT HERRICE.

Poor child, she stood uncomforted in this dark hour; her dreams of bliss had vanished like a fragrant rose that had bloomed and withered, leaving behind it sharp thorns.

Butterfly's innocent trusting nature had been deceived by false illusions; week by week she had framed hopes, and now they were dead.

"What shall I turn my hand to next?" she sighed. "I am like a shipwrecked sister that has been tempest-tossed out on the stormy sea. I have stretched my hand for aid, and aid has been refused me. I have clung to hopes and now they have vanished, leaving behind them false mockeries. If my mother had lived, her child would never have been exposed to the rude blasts of insults and poverty, but I, a friendless orphan, am learning the world's hard lesson. As she uttered those words she fell on the floor in her room unconscious; fate seemed to whirl her from misfortune to misfortune. She could not remember how she spent that night, but she awoke only to realise that the gloom of sickness had threatened her with fever.

Mrs. Carr wondered what kept Butterfly in her room that morning; she had always been an early riser. "I will go and see at once," thought she.

Butterfly was crouched by the window when Mrs. Carr entered; she was too ill to speak and she moaned with the agony of pain in her head and eyes.

Mrs. Carr took in the situation in a glance. She called to Ann, her washerwoman: "Help me to lift this child into bed."

"Oh, Los," said Ann, "is she dyin'?" Her good-natured red face was full of sympathy. "Will I go for the doctor, mam?"



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But Mrs. Carr shook her head, "It ain't nothing but exhaustion and debility as they call it; she has got a sort of low fever. She will be all right in a few days. See, Ann, what a mass of hair the child has."

The woman brushed the stray locks of golden hair from Butterfly's flushed face and spread the rest away from her so that she might not feel it an inconvenience.

The next day came a letter from Molly, which was most welcome, as it brought her news from her dear sweet home that was hers no more. It read:

DEAR MISS FIELDS: I hope you are doing well in your new life. The gardens and grounds around Ivy Cottage are like fariyland, but there is one thing missing, and that is your presence. Oh, Butterfly, if you only knew how you are missed! Every one is asking for you. How you are doing? I am afraid you are forgetting us all, you are so taken up with your new life. I send you a little token that I hope will not sadden you; it is some faded sweet forget-me-nots and lilies that have lent their beauty to deck your dear mother's grave. Let me know how you have progressed with your art, for I expect great things of you.

Kindly write to me immediately, as I am very anxious to know how you are doing.

Faithfully yours,

MOLLIE.

When she had finished reading the letter a strange sensation crept into her heart; a mixture of joy and sorrow and thoughts she could not put into words. Two great tears rolled down her cheeks and fell with a splash upon the faded flowers. Butterfly kissed them again and again.

"Dear little flowers," she mused. "Mother Nature sent you to earth, and from your beauty and fragrance I can learn a lesson. Your beauty has brightened many a sad heart and decked many a lonely grave, and your fragrance has lent the air a delightful, lingering perfume, and your message here is well done and ended. May I too by my kind deeds brighten



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the troubled way for some poor forsaken wanderer, and may my kind words linger in their memory?"

As she folded up the precious fragments, the words arose on her lips:

In a sun-kissed Ivy Cottage,  
Amongst the flowers and dells for me,  
Where I roved in merry childhood,  
Where I fain would be,

Birds and flowers were my companions,  
But fate prevailed that I should roam,  
To seek bread amongst strangers,  
Far away from my dear home.

Four days of gloomy sickness had passed, during which time Butterfly lay in bed, too weak to speak, or even sit up, but one morning she had a change for the better, and then she improved rapidly.

"How very kind and good you are," she said to Mrs. Carr, gently stroking the latter's silvery locks. "How can I thank you enough?"

But Mrs. Carr moved away abruptly. "I do not need any thanks," she said. "I am always willing to lend a helping hand to the sick."

Butterfly gained her strength again, but the past few weeks had left their trace behind.

"I must forget the unpleasantness of the past," she murmured, "and look my future in the face. What course shall I pursue next in order to make my living? In spite of my bitter struggles I still cling to hopes of achieving success with my dearly loved art, and,"—taking a wistful glance around her at the neatly furnished room,—“I cannot afford this luxury. I must look for a cheaper room, as my purse is getting scant."

The weather was very hot and stuffy, which makes life un-



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bearable for the needy poor in London. The fashionable people had left the city, to seek refreshing air and nature's beauty in the country.

Butterfly sniffed as she passed through the poor, stuffy streets. "Oh," she exclaimed, "how do those poor people live here! What a smell."

She had been reared in the fragrant arms of nature. As she watched the poor little suffering children in their squalid rooms trying to gasp for breath her heart swelled with pity. There was a time when she could have helped them, but that time had passed. She needed help herself now.

"How little I knew," she murmured, "about this great world of misery."

A little farther up on the west side she rented a room. The house was brightened by the clinging ivy, but Ann Baxton, its mistress, was not very charming; she was a stout middle-aged woman that shouted rather than spoke. She was a widow with an invalid child, and her heart was hardened by the cares and trials of the world. She washed for a living and her greatest boast was that her clothes were whiter and better washed than were those at any other laundry in the city.

"Do you think you shall like it here?" shouted the laundress rather than asked.

"Oh, yes," returned Butterfly with a smile. "I try to make myself at home everywhere I go."

As she uttered the last word her lips trembled. "Then you'll come back," shouted the laundress.

"Without fail," returned Butterfly.

"Come here, Miss, and see me little invalid daughter."

Butterfly stepped into an untidy, ill-ventilated room, and here sat crouched by the window a hopeless invalid.

"Anna," said the mother in abrupt tones, "this lady is goin' to stay with us."

The little girl's great melancholy eyes lingered on Butter-



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fly, and then turning sadly to her mother, she said pleadingly, "Why did not God make me like this pretty lady?"

Butterfly glanced at the mother, then said to Anna, "My dear, some day you will be well and strong, and then you will be like me."

But the little girl shook her head. "That day won't ever come for me. Do angels play with you when you die and go to them?" she asked, her sad eyes full of wonder.

"I think they do," said Butterfly, trying to hide her tears. "Angels are all goodness and love."

A peculiar smile played around Anna's mouth, and a strange light shone in her eyes. "The children round here don't play with me because I am sick, and my mother has no time."

By this time Butterfly was softly weeping; she could say no more, and she turned away. The little girl's mother did not seem touched.

"You must not mind that child; she is always dreaming and saying queer things," said her mother.

As Butterfly found her way back through the sultry, smoky streets of London her mind was ill at ease. She thought herself a feather of misfortune, whirled about like a plaything. But this poor girl Anna! Her condition was deplorable,—she was a poor and hopeless invalid, the children did not care to play with her because she was sick, and her mother had no time to love her, so she passed many lonely, weary hours listening for the bells of Heaven to ring and call her from this loveless world.

"What a coarse, hard-hearted mother she has," thought Butterfly. As she entered her boarding-house she met Mrs. Carr on the stairs.

"Why, child," exclaimed the astonished woman, "you look as if you had been drawn through a knot hole. Are you ill again?"



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"No," said Butterfly, trying to be cheerful. "But I am sorry to tell you, Mrs. Carr, that I have to leave you."

"You have to leave me!" said the woman, looking at her somewhat surprised.

So Butterfly told Mrs. Carr what had occurred in her vain endeavor to find employment in the great city of London.

"What kind of work do you do?" said the woman, for it never dawned upon her that this beautiful girl had no means.

"They tell me," said Butterfly meekly, "I shall make a great artist some day."

"Why, dear child," said Mrs. Carr, "you might as well be looking for a needle in a bundle of straw as trying to be an artist without means and alone. I am sorry for you; you have a tedious, rugged mountain to climb. I fear, my little beauty, you will find yourself many times on the brink of a precipice. I am sorry you are going. I would gladly help you if I could, but I have my own struggles," and Mrs. Carr's face looked firm though kind as she hurried down to get the evening meal.

Butterfly, once more in her room, was glad to be alone, for she was weary in mind and body.

"Oh, dear," she said, with a bitter sigh from her heart, as she gathered together her things for packing, "how much longer will this struggle last?"

If she only could remain where she was! The place was quiet, and Mrs. Carr never interfered in her affairs.

"But still I must go, though I know I shall not care for my new home. But there is one thing I can do," murmured Butterfly, and her sweet face brightened.

"I can comfort and cheer the poor little invalid girl whose mother has no time to love her."

Butterfly was soon ready to leave the humble but genteel home of Mrs. Carr. She had made up her mind to go that evening; it was not too late,—the sun had only just disap-



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peared in the West. She must waste no more time, she must find employment, or the bitter struggle would be ended. And her mind went out to the vast great throngs of London, and her thoughts were, "I am friendless amongst millions."

Butterfly told Mrs. Carr she had changed her mind, that she would leave her that evening. Mrs. Carr begged her to remain until morning. Butterfly was determined to go, and Mrs. Carr made no further remonstrance or effort to dissuade her. Butterfly bade Mrs. Carr good-bye.

"Good-bye," answered the woman, "and Heaven guide you on your path."

Butterfly turned away with her heart as heavy as stone. Having once more pushed her way through the crowded, hurrying throng, back to the ill-kept, ill-ventilated room of Mrs. Baxton, Butterfly found the laundress much upset.

"You will have to excuse this place, Miss," said Mrs. Baxton as she dried her wet hands on her apron. "My daughter has been ill again. She keeps me all my time a-nursing her," and her voice was so shrill and loud that the passers-by looked up to see what was the matter.

Butterfly mounted the tiny dark stairs that led to her shabby little room,—a room scarcely large enough to contain its cot bed. Through its windows came the foul odor of different factories. As she lay awake that night listening to the fighting and swearing of the rowdies around the corner, she prayed that at least her angel mother beyond the skies would take pity on her and release her from the mental agonies she was now enduring. The next morning when all the clocks in the steeples were chiming seven, Butterfly went forth on the same weary mission in search of employment. After having glanced through the morning papers, her face flushed with joy, as she read the following advertisement:

Wanted. A governess for two grown children. Best of testimonials required. Call. All morning at Kembwell Hall.



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When Butterfly reached the grand old mansion she was surprised to find that fully a score of girls were already waiting to apply for the position.

"There is little chance for me," she murmured to herself.

The girls all looked experienced, and the world's lesson was printed on their faces. Butterfly was the fifth on the list. The master and the mistress of Kembwell Hall sat side by side. Mrs. Kembwell eyed Butterfly keenly through her glasses, and the poor girl trembled like a frightened bird under her gaze. Mrs. Kembwell made up her mind to be more severe, for she knew her son's weakness for the beautiful.

"You are too young to be a governess," said the mistress of Kembwell Hall in sharp tones. "Have you had any experience?"

Butterfly told her in her sweet, gentle way that she did not think from the advertisement that she needed an experienced governess.

"I stated in my advertisement *grown children*, and that ought to be sufficient," declared the indignant mistress of Kembwell Hall.

"Where do you live?" asked the master of Kembwell Hall.

"I live in Dudlow Street, West Side."

"Oh! in the slums!" said the lady, horrified, and pulling away her silk and lace gown, "I could not have you in my house."

Butterfly stood up; the spirited blood of a soldier race flowed through her veins. "The poor are the chosen people of God, madam, and I prefer to be numbered amongst them rather than to be of the cold and heartless type to which you belong." And the spirit and beauty of the girl surprised even the grand dame of Kembwell Hall.

When Butterfly had left the room she stood for a moment outside. Her brain was cloudy.

The furious, indignant Mrs. Kembwell turned to her hus-



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band. "Did you ever see such nerve, and audacity before?" she asked as she paced up and down the room, and her husband tried to quiet her. "George," she said in angry tones, "why should such beauty be wasted on paupers? It only attracts the attention of the opposite sex for their ruin,—for their ruin, I said."

"She is certainly the most beautiful girl I have ever seen," declared the master of Kembwell Hall.

"But how did she ever dare to speak so to me!"

Meanwhile Butterfly was hurrying toward the entrance door of the mansion. A servant came to her assistance, and were it not for the free air from Heaven and the magnificence and beauty of the scene around Kembwell Hall (for nature's beauty always soothed her) she would have swooned on the marble steps. As she gazed over the beautiful grounds everything seemed in harmony,—the birds sang merrily, the flowers bent and swayed in the fragrant breeze, the frisky deer were stalking beneath the leafy shade, and the fair, white swan swam gracefully over Kembwell Lake. But why was the mistress of Kembwell Hall so cruelly heartless? Butterfly stopped for a moment to watch the swan float upon the silvery waters.

"White bird!" she murmured, "how wide is your path, and how narrow is mine. This great sheet of water is at your disposal, whilst I have scarcely a place to lay my head."

Suddenly she turned away, for in her state of mind she dared not think beside the silent silvery waters of Kembwell Lake. Had Butterfly looked in the opposite direction toward a figure standing underneath the shade of the great oleanders, she would have seen a face gazing upon her in surprise and wonder, and such a face was not easily forgotten. The great dark eyes were marvelously beautiful and appealing in expression, the dark clustering curls were as dark and glossy as the raven's wing, the tall figure was striking on account of its easy grace, its erect, firm vigor, and its youth. The young man gazed



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upon Butterfly in profound wonder as she stood by the side of the water, and he wondered why her lips moved.

"She must be in trouble," he thought. He had seen many fair faces in the new world and in the old, but he had never seen a face like hers before. Superb in its childish beauty, magnificent in its exquisite coloring, but sorrow looked out from those violet eyes.

"Why should so young and fair a creature know sorrow?" he mused.

He looked after the retreating figure as Butterfly was just disappearing. He hesitated a while, and then he declared to himself, "I must find out who she is."

Back to her humble, desolate lodging returned the bewitching little beauty, and right in her footsteps returned Arnin Kembwell, son and heir of Kembwell Hall. As he came face to face with Butterfly his heart throbbed and his face paled. "Good Heavens," he muttered hoarsely, "what a shock! For an instant it seemed to me that I stood face to face with my dead love,— dear, sweet Violet."

For a moment his conscience reproached him, and then he laughed a soft mellow laugh; but it was not from his heart.

"How weak I am," he thought, "almost womanish. The dead cannot return from their bed of clay to reproach the living nor tell tales, and I still can boast of my unblemished name. Few men in my position but have sipped from the cup of dissipation. Yet not one breath of scandal has been breathed against the fair old name of the Kembwells."

Yes. Arnin Kembwell knew full well how to cover scandal. He was a clever actor, and he knew what part to play. Moreover, he had a large income. "With money," he said to his valet, "you can cover a multitude of sins."

"Yes," the old valet replied,—he had helped to cover many of his master's crimes,— "but it leaves a nasty scar behind when uncovered, a scar that is sickening, almost heart-rending."



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Arnin Kembwell laughed in scorn. "You are always quoting proverbs to me, Valley. Never mind, we can forget all those things in the wine-cup."

Arnin Kembwell was idolized, almost worshipped, by his mother.

"What Arnin does must be right," she said.

She knew he was daring and reckless, but that always goes with youth, she thought. He was flattered and admired by fair women, and he was considered by his friends to be a jolly, good fellow. When Butterfly reached her humble abode she found Anna Baxton, the little invalid girl, sitting outside the door trying to get a breath of air. The child looked more fragile than ever before,—she seemed to be wasting away, Butterfly thought. Anna's great melancholy eyes brightened at the sight of Butterfly, and she extended a slender, bony hand.

"You have come to stay?" asked the little girl as if her whole future depended on the answer. "You gladden my life as the merry, golden sunbeam brightens my lonely prison cell."

Butterfly forgot her own troubles for a moment, and laughed a low, silvery laugh. "You strange little patient," said Butterfly; "you are not a prisoner."

"Oh, you do not quite understand me," said the little girl meekly. "I am a prisoner confined to my room until mother earns enough money to buy me a pair of crutches."

Suddenly they were interrupted by a gentleman with a clear, mellow voice. It was Arnin Kembwell, for they were so deeply interested in their conversation that they had not seen him standing close by.

"I beg your pardon if I am intruding," said the handsome stranger, addressing the little invalid girl. "As I was passing by I chanced to overhear a few words that attracted my atten-



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tion. Did I understand you to say you were in need of something?"

His voice was full of music and sympathy as he looked into the sad, thin face. The little girl looked half dazed for a moment. Butterfly was surprised at her pallor and frightened looks.

"Pardon me if I have hurt your feelings in any way," said Arnin gently.

"Oh, no, sir, indeed; it is just the opposite. You see I am an invalid, and my mother has had to work very hard since my father's death, and I have been her greatest care. I just told Miss Fields I am confined to my room until mother earns enough money to buy me a pair of crutches."

Arnin Kembwell was apparently touched by the sad story, and he patted her condescendingly on the head. "I will see what I can do," he said kindly, and Anna's great melancholy eyes were filled with tears.

"What has happened?" she thought. "Why should this handsome stranger waste so much kindness on me?"

In the short existence of her lonely life no one had ever been so kind to her before; no one seemed to care for her. She had overheard her mother say that she was a hopeless invalid; but she knew the angels loved her.

"Have you any sisters?" asked Arnin.

"Yes," replied Anna, and a faint smile played around her lips. "I have three sisters and one brother in Heaven."

"You are not her sister then?" said Arnin, addressing Butterfly in his rich, mellow voice.

"No; but I intend to be one while I am with her," replied Butterfly, and her violet eyes kindled with gratitude to the handsome stranger who had shown so much kindness to the poor little unfortunate, neglected child. "What a noble act," she thought.



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"Then you intend to remain here for some time?" asked Arnin.

"I expect to," she replied, and her bright eyes saddened as she thought of her bitter struggles in the past.

Arnin glanced from one to the other. "What a contrast," he thought.

Butterfly was ethereal, enchanting, and beautiful; Anna, the little invalid, was neglected, thin, with a sickening pallor. "Why, her very aspect," he declared to himself, "takes an edge off my appetite; and her great melancholy eyes seem to read your inward thoughts."

"I am afraid I am fatiguing you," he said gently to the little girl. "I shall call to-morrow; that is, if you will permit me,"—in that condescending way of his that one could not resist.

The color rose in Anna's pale face, then died away, and left a deathlike pallor.

"I shall count the minutes until you come," she said faintly, for she knew his return would bring what she had long wished for,—a pair of crutches. "I can then go into the parks like other children," she mused, "and hear the beautiful songsters fill the air with their delightful music."

Turning to Butterfly, with a fascinating smile on his handsome face, Arnin bade her farewell. He knew his charms.

"You will assist me to look after this little girl?"

"Yes," replied Butterfly earnestly. "I will gladly help."

Then he touched his hat respectfully and took his departure.

The two girls looked at each other spellbound. Anna spoke first. "This seems like a pleasant dream. Oh!" she cried, and her heart seemed too full of joy for expression, "if I am only able to visit the old ruins and castles of England, and wander among the flowers like a child of nature, and listen



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to the wonderful sea moan and wail for its dead who lie beneath its bottomless depths!"

"What! dreaming again!" broke in Mrs. Baxton abruptly, and her voice was so loud and harsh that she frightened her daughter almost into hysterics, as her nerves just then were all unstrung.

Butterfly rushed to her room to get her smelling salts, which she always kept on hand for occasional headaches. Butterfly soon revived Anna.

"Help me to my room, please," said the little girl faintly to Butterfly.

"Are you all right now?" broke in her mother in more gentle tones.

"Yes, mother," replied Anna; "I will be all right in a little while."

Butterfly fixed Anna as best she could in her shabby little cot beside the window.

"Do you wish me to remain with you," asked Butterfly sweetly.

"No, thank you," said Anna; "I will be all right." But deep down in her heart she would have loved to have her stay, but she would not impose on her kindness. Butterfly and Mrs. Baxton withdrew.

Butterfly told Mrs. Baxton of her daughter's meeting with the handsome stranger. "He overheard her say she was a prisoner in her room until you could earn enough money to buy her a pair of crutches."

"Why, bless you, child," declared Anna's mother, "the doctor says she can't live another month. Let me see, this is the last of August; she will die with the fall of the leaf,"—with a sigh that hardly came from her heart.

Butterfly, astonished, looked at the woman.

"What is the matter, my little girl? Why do you look at me so?" said Mrs. Baxton.



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"Because I did not know," said Butterfly, "that poor little Anna was doomed to die so soon," and her eyes were filled with tears.

"You may think me hard-hearted," declared Mrs. Baxton loudly, "but I will show you that I am right. What would become of my daughter Anna if I should die? What is there left in this hard-hearted world for a poor invalid. Her fate is hard indeed now, but what would it be if her mother died? — She tells you I have no time to love her. Why, bless you, there's times when I can't speak a prayer. I've had a bitter struggle since my husband was brought in dead to me, thirteen years ago. I was left with five children, all small. Anna was born five months after her father's death. Four of my children have gone to rest, and I am very glad my little invalid girl will too go home ere I am laid in the green grave yonder. . . . What is ailin' you, dear? Why, your sweet eyes are filled with tears. . . . I must be goin'. I've got so much to do."

Butterfly returned to her wretched little room,—to think. She came to the conclusion that Mrs. Baxton was right,—it was better that her invalid child should go to the land where love is true and sunshine never fades than to be thrown on the mercy of the heartless world a forlorn wanderer; and then she thought of her own condition.

Just then a newsboy shouted, "*Evening Times.*" Butterfly called him. She wiped away the tears that lingered on her cheeks, and she ran down the tiny dark stairs to get the paper. Carefully and with an anxious look she pondered over the list of advertisements of help wanted. Finally she came to one that she thought would suit her, and her heart bounded with glee as she read the following words:

Wanted. A lady of refinement, and well connected, as companion to a young lady. Call between the hours of ten and twelve at Turin Castle.



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"Oh, I do hope," said Butterfly earnestly, "that I will get that position. I am about exhausted, and if luck does not change for me, I am afraid I shall go to the land where positions are not needed." She walked up and down her narrow little room wondering what would come to her. She stooped down and picked up a book that had been lying on the old dusty table. "'Poems by Thomas Moore,'" she read. "I will try to forget my troubles in the old familiar melodies," she mused.

She read for some time, and suddenly the thought came to her, "Probably Anna would like to have me read to her."

Butterfly went to the little girl's room and asked if she would like to have her read aloud to her. Anna's face brightened. "I feel I am intruding on your time, Miss."

Her mother had always impressed upon her that time was very precious.

"No, I am not busy just now," said Butterfly, "and I shall spend my spare time with you."

"Thank you," said Anna, concealing her tears.

Butterfly read interesting poems and sketches to her until they both watched the last streak of daylight fade away and the bright moon and evening stars take its place. They bade each other, "Good night and pleasant dreams," and each wondered and hoped what the morrow would bring.

The next morning the early rays of the morning sun penetrated into Butterfly's little narrow room, and the girl arose and dressed carefully.

"I must look my best," she murmured, "in order to be presentable to those grand dames," and her bright face clouded as she thought of the heartless mistress of Kembwell Hall.

Then she remembered how the handsome stranger had promised to return to see Anna sometime that day. "And I must be home in time," she thought, "for he looked on me as nurse," and a blush mantled her sweet face.



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When Butterfly had completed her toilet she gave one shy glance at her own loveliness, and the sweet troubled face brightened by a faint hope. And with a prayer on her lips, she set out for Turin Castle.

After much difficulty she reached her destination. She was much surprised to find Turin Castle a dilapidated old mansion; it was not to be compared with the stately elegance of Kembwell Hall, but in bygone days it must have been a noble structure. All the glory and grandeur had departed from it years ago when Lady Heyburn died. As Butterfly made her way up the great entrance to the old castle she stopped suddenly. She thought she had heard a wailing cry that had come from the tree-tops. She listened; it was not repeated, so she went her way, and rang the bell. It was answered by an old servant, very grave and reverent.

"Do you wish to see my Lady?" he asked, with a bow.

"Yes," replied Butterfly meekly. "I wish to see the young lady who advertised for a companion."

"Oh! Her ladyship is out driving. Do you mind waiting a while?"

"No," replied Butterfly, who was glad of the rest.

"Come this way, Miss," said the servant, leading the way to the reception room and passing many an ancient tapestry and warlike accoutrements.

As Butterfly glanced from them to the priceless paintings, handed down from generations of Heyburns, she thought, "Such luxuries are not for the poor and lowly."

As the servant entered the reception room he told her to be seated, and his eyes lingered on the rare beauty of the girl.

"May I ask what strange species of birds dwell around this castle? I heard a wailing cry from the tree-tops that startled me, and it still lingers in my ear."

"What!" replied the servant, and his face turned as white as marble. "Have you heard that strange wailing sound?"



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I have heard it twice this week. There is a legend about the castle, handed down from generations of Heyburns, that this wailing sound is a warning before a death," and before he had time to finish the last sentence, the great door bell rang and he hurried away to answer the summons.

It was Lady Isabel Heyburn and her young ward. Simon, the old servant, told Lady Isabel that a young lady awaited her in the reception room.

"A visitor?" her ladyship demanded.

"No," replied Simon; "it is a young lady applying for a position."

"Then why did you not tell me so?" and she swept into the reception room.

Butterfly sat by the window watching the many bright hued flowers that encircled the domain around Turin Castle, and filled the room with their sweet fragrance. The girl was startled by Lady Isabel's sudden appearance.

"Did you come in reference to a position," asked her ladyship, and her voice had a cold ring. She pulled up the shades to throw more light on the scene, and complained that the servants shirked their duty.

"Yes," replied Butterfly timidly, as she shrank from this woman.

Lady Isabel's sight was very poor, and putting on her eyeglasses and looking rudely at Butterfly, she said: "My ward is very particular in selecting a companion. She desires a lady that is highly educated, accomplished and plain of face. I am afraid you are too young. Are you well connected?" asked Lady Isabel.

"I am an orphan," said Butterfly, "friendless and alone."

Lady Isabel stared with wide open eyes. "Friendless and alone," she repeated. Then she touched a button, and a servant came immediately. She said, "Barbara, tell Miss Dorothy I want her in the reception room."



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After a few minutes a young lady swept into the room. She wore a loose white gown that clung to her graceful form in long folds, and made her more lovely than usual. She wore her raven hair coiled high on her head, and it was adorned by a red rose. To Butterfly she was perfectly exquisite,—as fair and fresh as a blooming rose kissed by the morning dew. Butterfly gave a low exclamation of surprise when she recognised the fair young beauty to be her former schoolmate, and rival, Dorothy Gregg.

Dorothy stared for an instant as if spellbound, then her surprise found speech. “You!” she said under her breath, her dark eyes snapping fire, and then she broke into a merry, mocking laugh, mixed with mirth and scorn, that rang through the old castle.

Lady Isabel stared in wonder from one to the other. “Dorothy,” she said in surprise, “what does all this mean?”

Dorothy crushed back her scorn, and a sweet smile played around her ruby lips. “Dear Auntie,” she said, “I shall tell you later. Lord Millbrook awaits me in the library. He is in a hurry; I cannot detain him,” and like a young queen descending from her throne in the presence of her enemies, she swept from the room, leaving poor Butterfly like a storm-beaten lily, whose beauty had been crushed by a rude blast.

Lady Isabel’s haughty face softened as she watched the pale, trembling girl, and wondered at the change. “This is all a mystery to me,” she said in amazement.

Butterfly did not deign to reply, but walked away. Her head reeled, her soul was tempest-tossed, her young form that for months had suffered the pangs of sorrow and disappointment was now bent under the cruel blow; and when the misty cloud rolled from her brain her thoughts went out to her old home, and an intense longing came over this fair young creature, a yearning to sleep the long, long sleep by her mother’s side in the little village churchyard near her childhood’s home.



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Simon observed the change in the beautiful young girl as she passed down the hall to the great door, and he opened it to let her pass. He wished he could say a word of consolation to her.

"Poor girl; she has been wounded by the red rose," he thought. He always called Dorothy Gregg the red rose with the sharp thorns.

Butterfly was glad to be away from the place, and once more in the open air. To her dying day she never could describe how she got back to her little garret room, and with trembling lips she repeated the words composed by her in that dark hour:

Oh, Lord, send me aid to comfort,  
One faint hope from Thee divine,  
And if death does not release me  
Let me live, and be sublime.

Scarcely had she finished the plaintive words when she heard a loud knocking. She thought it came from Anna's room, and then she heard her name called, but she longed to remain in her own room and shut herself forever from the world, for her every hope had now vanished, and the wolf of poverty was near at hand.

"But I must go to see Anna," she murmured wearily.

And walking hurriedly to the invalid's room, thinking she might be in distress, she was surprised to find her in good spirits.

"Oh, I have been waiting for you," declared Anna. "Come here until you see."

Butterfly noticed that her thin sad face was nervously flushed, and that her great melancholy eyes looked like two bright stars on a dark night. Butterfly was startled herself when she glanced around the girl's shabby little room that was now brightened by many luxuries.

"See what the handsome stranger has sent us," said Anna.



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"Those are for you," pointing to the various bright-hued flowers. Butterfly walked over to them, inhaled their delightful perfume, and lifting up a card that lay concealed beneath their beautiful heads, read:

WALTER LOVEJOY

VICTORIA HOTEL

LONDON

Butterfly turned to Anna, whose mind was occupied with her many new gifts. She rejoiced for Anna's sake, for a look of happiness had dawned on that sad, worn face.

"Anna," said Butterfly, "how can we express our gratitude to that kind, generous stranger."

"He is very good and kind," said Anna, "but I think I owe my gratitude to you. See my doll; it looks like you too, with its golden curls and great violet eyes, but its cheeks have more color than yours, for yours are fading."

Butterfly smiled at the keen, observing child, and thought to herself, "You were not born for earth."

"Hark!" said Anna, "I hear the sound of carriage wheels," and looking out through the tiny window from her invalid couch, she saw the handsome stranger alight from a hansom. "You go down," said Anna excitedly; "here is the kind gentleman."

With flushed face, Butterfly hurried down the narrow stairs to the door, and with a nervous, excited hand she opened the door, and in stepped Walter Lovejoy, the handsome stranger, looking like a knight of old, ready to comply with her every wish.

"How is my little patient?" he asked smilingly, whilst his great magnetic eyes lingered on the girl.

"She is very happy," replied Butterfly; "almost in ecstasies over her new gifts."



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As Walter Lovejoy climbed the tiny dark stairs, Butterfly wondered if he had ever climbed such a shabby little poke before. As he entered the invalid's room he was delighted to find her so overjoyed.

"Come and see my beautiful doll," said Anna, and her great eyes kindled with gratitude. "You are so extremely good, and kind," she said in low, modest tones; "how, how can I thank you?"

"You have thanked me by your great happiness," he said, caressing her gently with his white hand.

Butterfly walked over to the table on which was a vase of beautiful flowers. She leaned over the flowers, inhaling their fascinating fragrance, and her eyes shone like two bright stars as she said, "Let me also thank you for sending me these delightful fragrant flowers." And then a tender glow dyed her young cheek.

"You are fond of flowers, then?" Walter asked, with a smile.

"Fond is not the word; I simply adore them."

"I am glad to know it. Tell me your favorites?" he asked.

"I prefer the sweet violets and the bewitching rose," returned Butterfly.

"An excellent choice," replied Walter, with a merry twinkle in his eye; "and I admire the fair lady who resembles those flowers."

Butterfly glanced from him to Anna, and a tender smile parted her lovely lips.

Meanwhile Walter's attention was attracted by Anna's boundless joy; she was so enraptured by her new gifts that she was unconscious of those near her. Walter's heart was touched with the deepest pity as he watched the pale, worn face flushed with joy.



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"Did I ever dream," he thought to himself, "that one could be made so happy with a few gifts?"

No; he could not dream so, for he had everything that wealth could buy him, yet he sought strange lands to drive away the blue devils of discontent.

At length Anna said, "Mr. Lovejoy, you have not noticed my golden-haired doll, my Butterfly."

"Your Butterfly?" Walter said in surprise. "Is that the name you gave it?"

"Yes; don't you think it looks like Butterfly, like Miss Fields?"

"Is that your name?" Walter asked of Butterfly, somewhat surprised.

"Yes," replied the girl. "My mother used to call me by that name, because of my fondness for the dells and flowers."

"And you still cling to the name?" and his marvelous eyes lingered on the girl.

"I like the name because Mother chose it, but I was christened Marion."

Walter took the doll from Anna. "My dear little girl," he said, "I am afraid she is too heavy for you. Let us compare the two Butterflies. Why, you could take them for twin sisters."

As he broke into a deep mellow laugh Butterfly laughed shyly. Anna seemed to be very proud that her doll was so beautiful. Indeed, the doll did resemble Butterfly. Anna was right; only the girl's great violet eyes were much more beautiful. A little while before her cheeks had been wan, but now they were flushed with a crimson hue, and in her mind she repeated the little verse:

Where I am they think I am happy,  
For I smile, and play my part;  
Little do they, who are here beside me,  
Know the aching of my heart.



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"I must be going now," Walter said, smilingly. "I have paid my morning visit to the sick," and he patted Anna condescendingly on the head. "You must be well when I come again," he said gently, and he placed in her hand a gold piece,—a guinea.

Anna looked at it in wonder, for she had never before seen a "golden half penny," as she called it.

He smiled at the innocence of the girl, and he thought to himself, "Sometimes one can do good through evil," and like a knight taking his departure from the presence of high-born ladies, he prepared to go.

His dark eyes lingered a moment on Butterfly, and they seemed to magnetize her. As he found his way out into the street he muttered to himself: "What a place! Why should such a beautiful creature have to live in such a place? The thistle was never meant to bloom beside the rose, and diamonds were never meant to sparkle on the coarse red hands of a washer-woman, and the works of Providence cannot be right when so fair a gem, through no fault of her own, has to reside in such a despicable hovel."

Butterfly and Anna watched the handsome stranger through the little window until the carriage disappeared. Anna was about to speak when Mrs. Baxton entered hurriedly as usual.

"I'm in a hurry," she said, her voice at its highest pitch. "Why," she continued, her bent frame straightening with surprise as she beheld the numerous gifts. "Where in the world did all these come from?"

"From a generous stranger," replied Butterfly.

"See, my bright, golden penny," broke in Anna.

"Well, of all things," returned the woman, "he certainly must be generous. I thought these things had rained from the heavens," and glad tears of surprise and joy filled her eyes.

She observed her daughter's bright, nervous flush and great happiness, and she thought to herself, "This is indeed a God-



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send." Then she turned her eyes in another direction. "What lovely posies!" she said.

"Mr. Lovejoy sent these to me," said Butterfly; "just inhale their perfume," and the thought flashed into Mrs. Baxton's brain: "He is in love with her. No wonder."

Butterfly excused herself on the plea that she had a headache, and Mrs. Baxton hurried away to prepare for her a strong cup of tea. The girl was glad to get back to her room to think, though her heart was sick with aching. She rejoiced for those poor people's sake, and she could pour out her soul's gratitude to this noble gentleman for his kindness and generosity. A few minutes later Mrs. Baxton returned with a cup of fragrant tea and some buttered toast. "Take this," she said; "it may relieve you. I know it always helps me."

"Thank you," said Butterfly, as she took the tray. "Will you not come in?"

"No," replied the woman, "time never waits for me. Work is waitin' for me down-stairs," and a broad smile brightened her tired face. When Butterfly was alone she ate with a relish. Her cheeks flushed a shade deeper as she murmured to herself, "This is the first morsel I have eaten to-day."

Looking out sadly through the little window, she saw that the sun was just sinking behind the great church steeple like a red ball of fire. She could hear the sound of children's merry voices; they had just appeared in sight, as they had to keep indoors during midday, on account of the awful heat. "How happy they seem," she mused, "though they are poor and neglected."

One ruddy-cheeked, barefooted lad slapped his comrade for striking his sister, and then ran; and they all disappeared in pursuit. Butterfly then looked around her room and her eyes lingered on a rare picture, the work of her own hands,—the picture of the beautiful convent of St. Bernard's. There were several other paintings that looked out of place in the shabby



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little room. She rested her chin on her slender white hand and thought of her great ambitions, of how she had built castles in the air, of how she had hoped that at some future day her fame and good work would extend over the land, of how her lofty ambitions had now fallen to the dust, and of how stern reality stared her in the face. Then her thoughts traversed to the mountain that one had to climb in order to attain fame; and she compared it to the great high mountain that had two paths. One path was more frequented than the other; on one side you were guarded by armed guards, and even then the weary traveller often became exhausted; the other side was the lonesome path; there was no guide on this side, and looking up through this high rugged path, she saw shrubs and thorns, and through the thicket she saw blazing-eyed demons that seldom or ever let their innocent victim pass; she saw precipices, and she came to a chasm, and in that chasm she saw lonely graves of young and fragile women, and many an honest, manly man. "And if something does not turn up for me, I too must lie in the lonely grave of the working soldier who has failed to win the victory."

About that same hour Walter Lovejoy left orders with the owner of the "Palace Beautiful," one of the most fashionable florists in London, to send to Dudlow Street, to the laundress' home, every morning the choicest roses and violets.

"If money can make them more beautiful, then do so," and a merry twinkle shone in his dark eyes as he said to his companion, "All Butterflies like flowers, but this one is of a rare species."

"Is she young?" asked his college chum.

"Yes; she is in her teens," replied Walter.

"Oh, Arnin," said his companion, "I know your weakness for the young and beautiful."

This conversation between the two young men revealed the difference between them. Walter only loved the young and



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beautiful, while his companion had a courteous reverence for all womankind.

"Arnin, if you will allow me to give you some friendly advice," he said, "marry the girl who was your promised wife. She is the noblest young woman in all England, and let this rare species of Butterfly fly her way."

"You are always quoting virtues to me," and Arnin's handsome face ruffled with anger.

Duty points one way and inclination the other; the battle between right and wrong in his breast was of short duration. He threw prudence to the winds, and thought, "Let the result be what it may, I shall keep up the acquaintance with the rare little beauty."

"No hard feelings, Arnin," said his companion. "I was only giving you some brotherly advice, as I am older than you."

"Thanks, thanks; but I am old enough to know my own business," he replied sharply.

No more was said, and each bid the other adieu and went his way.

Butterfly exhausted her brains thinking what next course to pursue, but she could arrive at no conclusion. She had become more fragile than usual. She had just paid her morning visit to Anna, as she had been in the habit of doing. She called it her daily visit to the sick room. She had found Anna not quite so well as she had been. She was hugging her doll,—her Butterfly,—and seemed to lavish more love on it day by day. Butterfly had been talking to Anna only a little while when Mrs. Baxton entered excitedly, carrying in her hands the sweetest flowers that ever bloomed,—flowers that filled the air with their intoxicating perfume.

"Here," she said excitedly, as she handed them to Butterfly.

Butterfly took them, but no smile came from her lips; for a moment her heart was filled with sorrow.



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"Why do you look at them so?" asked Mrs. Baxton. "Are you not pleased with them?"

"Pleased with them!" said Butterfly. "Their beauty fills my soul. Did you ever see such roses and violets, Anna? . . . And look at the dear little bluebells that encircle them," said Butterfly, turning to the little girl, who had been observing her keenly all the while. "If those bells could ring, I wonder what they would say."

Anna hesitated a moment, and then said, "They would probably say not to let the handsome stranger steal your heart away!"

Butterfly looked at her in amazement.

"Don't mind her," broke in her mother. "She is always dreaming."

"But, Mother," said Anna, "have you ever read the words of Shakespeare?"

"Have you ever read the words of the washboard?" said her mother earnestly, and Butterfly, in spite of her troubles, burst into a fit of laughter.

"I should think," said Butterfly, "the washboard would say not to work too hard."

"And then what would the clothes say?" said Mrs. Baxton.

"Oh, Mother, don't talk so," broke in Anna.

"Let us hear the words of Shakespeare to which you refer," said Butterfly; "I have probably never heard them."

And Anna repeated:

"Oh, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,  
And with a virtuous vision hide deep vice."

"I hear a voice callin' me down-stairs," said Mrs. Baxton as she left the room.

"Mother thinks I am always dreaming," said Anna; "and she calls me a bookworm."



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Butterfly wondered how such a coarse mother could possess a daughter with such a beautiful mind and soul. Butterfly took a book that had been lying on the table near Anna's couch.

"Did Mr. Lovejoy give you this?" she asked of Anna.

"Yes," replied the girl. "If you like reading, come to my library."

She read a page or two, and then dropped the book. Leaning her head back against the chair that she had been sitting on, she stared listlessly at the shabby wall-paper, but she did not see its design, for the panorama of her own life's story was passing before her, and it was sad indeed,—her meeting with Sir John Russel, his having lured her to false hopes through a virtuous vision, her adventure with the proud young heiress, Dorothy Gregg, the death of her dear mother, her struggle for existence, and now the wolf of hunger staring her in the face. "Was there ever a fate as dark as mine?" she moaned softly to herself. Had it not been for the strong perfume of the flowers, she would have swooned then and there.

"Was there ever a fate as dark as yours?" repeated Anna, who had been watching the girl keenly.

Butterfly was startled and tried to arouse herself from her unpleasant thoughts. "Did you speak to me?" she asked of the little girl.

"What is that you just said?" asked Anna.

"What did I say?" replied Butterfly. "I said was there ever a fate as dark as mine? Oh, I have been meditating on unpleasant thoughts," and Butterfly tried to avoid the question.

"May I ask you where your relatives are?" said Anna.

"I have no relatives," returned the girl sadly.

"Surely," said Anna, "you must have some relatives, or at least some friends."

"Yes; I have a friend," said Butterfly, as she thought of



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Molly, her mother's faithful servant, "but she cannot help me,"—and suddenly a thought came to her, as if whispered by an angel, "Jasmine Sutherland. Why did I not think of her before?"—"and a young lady whom I met in school offered ever to be my true friend, but I refused assistance from her, relying on my own self-confidence. She may not be at home now, as she was to go abroad to study."

"Does she live in England?" asked Anna.

"No," replied Butterfly; "she lives in Laurel Hill House in the Highlands of Scotland. Her mother sometimes travels for her health, and then she sends her daughter to boarding-school."

"How I should like to be the daughter of such a wealthy mother," said Anna, with a wistful look, "to go abroad and see different countries, to be educated in a boarding-school, and to live in a beautiful home, such as you speak of."

"People who live in beautiful homes are not always the best nor happiest," said Butterfly as she thought of Dorothy Gregg.

"No," said Anna. "I suppose it is the case with some; they do not know enough to appreciate what they have. "Why," she said, her great melancholy eyes looking sadder than ever, "I never have had a doll before in my life. I mean a handsome big doll, dressed in silk and lace, and how I longed for one. Don't I appreciate her! I have had lots of books sent me,—old books, you know; not new books, like those Mr. Lovejoy sends me,—and as to flowers, why I scarcely knew the violet from the rose."

"You scarcely knew the violet from the rose," said Butterfly in astonishment. "Can it be possible?"

"Oh," said Anna, "you forget that I am a poor child living in poverty row, reading and dreaming day after day in my narrow cell. Mother has not even time to talk to me.—So that is how I wear my young life away."



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"But you have the knowledge of a girl twice your age," said Butterfly.

"Yes," replied Anna sadly; "I develop my brains, as Mother says, by dreaming, while other children develop their muscles by playing."

Butterfly gazed at the girl's thin, sad face in pity, although she herself was in a disturbed state of mind and the clouds of gloom hung heavily over her. She was glad she had come into the house of this strange, neglected child, whose life was sadder than her own, and could help and cheer her. For, as Anna said, she had never known any sunshine until the pretty lady came.

An August afternoon was passing, taking with it the terrible midday heat. As an easy carriage rolled up to the door of the laundress, the coachman alighted, and taking from the seat beside him a well-laden box, he handed it to Mrs. Baxton, who had just rushed breathlessly to the door.

"The gentleman sent you this," said the coachman, eyeing her keenly.

Then Walter alighted, his handsome face radiant with smiles as he said: "Good afternoon, Mrs. Baxton. I heard your daughter express a wish to see the parks and some of the scenery round London. I think she said she had never been out in the park since she was a child."

"No, indeed, she has not been out much, poor thing," said her mother, with a sigh.

"I shall be delighted to show her and her young friend, Miss Fields, around. The air is delightful this afternoon, and it will do them good. That is, with your permission," said Walter, with much courtesy.

"Oh, yes, sir," said Mrs. Baxton, "if she is able to go."

The woman mounted the dark stairs excitedly. She stepped on every other step until she reached the top, and then she en-



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tered the little room where the two girls anxiously awaited the coming of Mr. Lovejoy.

"The gentleman wants you both to go out drivin'," said Mrs. Baxton.

"He does," said Anna, trying to suppress a cry of joy that arose to her lips. "But, Mother, my clothes are so shabby. What shall I do?"

"I can help you," broke in Butterfly. "I still cling to one of my juvenile dresses."

As she went to her little trunk and lifted from its contents a blue silk dress her eyes lingered on it for a moment and then grew misty as she thought of those happy days gone by.

The girls prepared to dress, and Mrs. Baxton hurried downstairs to tell the gentleman that they would soon be ready. She had scarcely descended the third step when she heard a voice cry out, "Mother, Mother, ask him can I bring my doll?"

"They will be ready soon," said Mrs. Baxton, "and my daughter wants to know can she bring her doll."

"Certainly," said Walter, with a smile. "If her Butterfly adds to her pleasure, she is welcome to a drive."

Walter Lovejoy went back and took his seat in the carriage. It rolled slowly up and down the roughly paved street, with a curious crowd of poorly clad children in pursuit. After he had waited some time Butterfly and Anna appeared, Anna leaning heavily on the arm of her mother.

Walter sprang to her assistance, and helped her to the front seat beside the coachman, saying, "Here you will have the benefit of the best view and of fresh air."

He handed her doll to her; she clung to it fondly, and placed it in the centre between herself and the coachman. He and Butterfly took the rear seat. Anna did not notice in her great joy that the children who had refused to play with her because



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she was strange and sickly were now watching her with envious eyes, and as the carriage rolled away they made a striking picture. Butterfly wore a simple lavender dress, a black hat, and pinned on the front of her dress were her favorite flowers, violets. Her face looked pale and sad, yet intensely beautiful, even though the shadows of trials and misfortune had left their traces.

As Walter took his seat beside the fair young girl he looked searchingly into her face and said, "Where are the roses you wore when last I saw you?"

"I do not remember wearing roses," she said sweetly; "I think you are mistaken."

"No, I am not mistaken," he declared; "roses bloomed on your cheeks when I saw you last, and now they have faded, and the shadows of some trouble have taken their place. Tell me the cause of it," he said pleadingly.

She longed to tell him that cruel fate had robbed her of them, but instead she forced a smile and said, "You see I wear violets in lieu."

Walter laughed lightly. "I am going to be very bold," he said, gently and tenderly. "I cannot bear to see you look so pale and wan. You are in trouble about something. You are so young, so frail, to bear sorrow all alone. Lean upon me for support, and I will gladly bear your burden."

Butterfly's wonderful violet eyes went up to meet his. "You are very good and kind, Mr. Lovejoy, but I cannot tell you my trouble. At least not now; later on I may."

She thought, "I will seek Jasmine's aid first."

As the high-spirited, prancing horses dashed with great rapidity over the fashionable boulevards, through the well-kept parks, where oriental flowers bloom in great profusion, it seemed as if everything in nature contributed its share toward the enchanting beauty of this glorious afternoon. The air was fresh and balmy; it brought back a faint tinge of color



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to the pale cheeks of those two ill-fated girls. It seemed as if the sky above was robed for the occasion in its fairest mantle of blue, and the various plumaged songsters added to the scene and sang their sweetest songs. Anna watched in silent wonder the glories of the scene. The tide of fashion whirled by, with their well-equipped horses, their gorgeous gowns, and sparkling jewels, as they basked in their own vain glories.

She murmured to herself, "This is indeed a dream of Paradise." Then came a vision of herself, in her lonely, wretched, squalid room, and of her poor over-toiled mother, who had not even time to talk to her, and of her passing her young life away in this way. Her only companions were the books that the cold hand of charity had given her, her dreams and God's free light, the sunshine; and she wondered why it should be that we are all the children of Eve, yet one path is paved with gold, while the other is only a mockery. She was aroused from her thoughts by an old gentleman, with long beard, wearing glasses.

"What a pretty little girl!" he exclaimed, standing still and addressing her doll.

"He thinks you are a real live girl," said Anna, smiling down upon her Butterfly as a proud mother would smile upon her child.

Walter Lovejoy laughed outright. This strange girl amused him. Walter and Butterfly watched her keenly all the while. Butterfly was grave; she could read Anna's thoughts. She knew the girl's wild, passionate love for Nature,—it was all so new, so strange, that it simply overwhelmed her. As Butterfly told Walter, it reminded her of the story of a blind girl, who after years of blindness had regained her sight. "Everything was so new, so strange, and so wonderful, that she became so overjoyed she nearly died from the effects," she said.

Faster and faster dashed the high-spirited animals over the



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country roads, past many a famous old castle and its vast extent of land, which sent forth a delicious odor of moorland air, mingled with honeysuckle. Walter said it was amusing to watch Anna. At this time the frisky deer were bounding to and fro, the sheep were bleating amidst the tinkle of the cow-bells; there was the soaring of the lark, and the shrill cry of the curlew, and of the gullemon, and the babbling brooks flowed merrily on to join the great rivers. It was all so wonderful to Anna that words failed her. Walter kept pointing out to them different places of interest, and in this way the afternoon glided into evening all too soon, and the shadows of night were descending upon the hill-tops. "We had better return home," said Butterfly, "or night will overtake us."

Walter gave orders to the coachman to turn back, and the high-spirited horses returned, but not with the same rapidity that they had come. And Butterfly hummed the following words:

Back from scenes of stately castles,  
Back from nature's sweet perfume,  
Back to a poor and lowly hovel,  
And a wretched garret room.

When they arrived at the laundress' little hovel to Anna her home had never looked so shamefully mean before. The pictures of great castles were in her mind, and the grand dames with their sparkling diamonds, reposing with an air of indolence in their easy carriages. It all came in a picture before her. Just then her mother came to the door. She was fairly drenched with soap-suds, and her poor red hands were bleeding from the constant washing.

"Thank you, sir, thank you," she said, making a reverence to the kind gentleman, as she went forward to help her daughter from the carriage.

She just reached out her brawny red arms in time to save



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the inanimate form of the girl from coming in contact with the street. In an instant Walter came to her assistance. He wanted to get a doctor, but Mrs. Baxton would not hear of it, saying that her daughter would be well in a little while. The coachman helped Mrs. Baxton to carry the apparently lifeless form to her cot, and with Butterfly's gentle assistance Anna soon revived.

Walter whispered words of warning to Butterfly. Such an atmosphere, such surroundings, were simply killing her, and again he chided her about letting her roses fade. And with much regret for poor Anna, and expressing a wish to see her again soon, the handsome Walter took his departure in his usual gracious manner.

Butterfly remained with Anna for some time, but she wished to be alone. She felt anxious about the girl. In the meantime Mrs. Baxton had opened the well-laden box of delicacies, and with good-natured hospitality she invited Butterfly to dine.

"Let us celebrate the event," said Mrs. Baxton, glancing at her daughter.

"It is certainly the greatest event of my life," said Anna, with an attempt at merry-making.

They celebrated the occasion, and deep down in Butterfly's heart she felt grateful to the generous Mr. Lovejoy. Had it not been for him, she would have had to retire with a slimmer meal. Butterfly's keen eyes observed the sad look on Anna's face.

"The ride with the purty gentleman has not made you any more frisky, Anne," broke in her mother.

"Oh, I enjoyed it, Mother; it was all so grand, but do not think for a moment that to gaze on another's splendor makes one frisky," she said in low and plaintive tones.

"You'd better go to bed and rest," said her mother. "You look tired out."



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"Yes," replied Butterfly, "she is quite exhausted after that wonderful drive. See, her eyes are closing now. So, good night and pleasant dreams."

Butterfly left the room slowly, stopping at the door to look back on that frail little creature whose life was slowly wasting away. Anna's great melancholy eyes looked wistfully after her. They seemed to say, "I wish you could always remain with me."

Time wore on; it hung heavily over those two young girls, each waiting and wondering what was in store for them, something that time alone could tell. Butterfly's health was failing fast. The beautiful months of Summer had fled, and the breath of Autumn swept over the land, disrobing her fair sister of her beautiful garb, and dressing her in a dreary brown mantle, or, as our poet Bryant said:

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.  
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the auburn leaves lie dead,  
They rustle to the eddying winds, and to the rabbits' tread.  
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub the jay,  
And from the wood tops call the crow, through all the gloomy day."

Gloom hung heavily over those two poor girls, and it seemed as if a darker day was dawning for them. For Butterfly's health was failing fast. She had not been able to leave the house for some days, and as she and Anna sat together in their little garret room the only thing that was bright therein were the beautiful flowers that Walter had sent them and a few of Butterfly's paintings.

She looked sadly at her work and said, "There is not a flaw in that Madonna that my two eyes can see, yet, yet —"

Anna was sitting by the little window with a shawl around her shoulders, and although her mother was a laundress it was far from being clean. The rays of a pale moon were



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softly stealing down on Anna's sad, wan face, giving it a death-like, ghastly hue.

Butterfly shuddered as she glanced from her to the dim candle. "It reminds me of death," she mused,—“the corpse, the candle, and the flowers. . . . A penny for your thoughts, Anna,” said Butterfly, trying to be cheerful.

“Oh,” said Anna, “I was just wondering what was in the future for me.”

“I suppose,” said Butterfly, “you will be lonesome when I leave you.”

“Miss Sutherland has not written to you yet,” said Anna.

“No,” said Butterfly. “I am surprised at Jasmine's delay; something is wrong, I know. Jasmine has not forgotten me; she was my true friend in school, and she promised ever to be faithful to me. I know I shall hear from her.”

“I may go before you,” said Anna, and her face kindled with a new joy that Butterfly had never seen there before.

“Go where?” she asked, looking at her in wonder.

“To my sisters,” Anna replied smilingly.

“Your sisters? Where?” said Butterfly.

“Over the river with the mariner Death,” said Anna, still smiling. “It is too bad that his passengers never return. And if perchance you ever come this way again, on my little neglected mound plant some of the flowers that you and I love so well. As you know, Mother has little time, and who knows but I may smile down upon you from the golden gates of Heaven, and whisper words of comfort, though you cannot hear me?”

Butterfly tried to suppress the sob that arose to her lips, but it did not escape Anna's keen eyes.

“Why do you weep?” she asked of Butterfly.

“Oh, death is so sad, so mysterious. I cannot bear to see you go,” she replied, with a sigh.

“I cannot understand why people think so,” replied Anna,



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her great melancholy eyes looking sadly at Butterfly. "It is only through death that we gain the greatest victory. Tongue nor pen can describe the glories and the grandeur of the world beyond death."

As she finished the words a look of peaceful happiness came into that wan face and the soft moonbeams played full upon it. The candle had burned to its socket, and the room was in semi-darkness; it seemed as if every star in the Heavens beamed an arrow of light.

As Anna gave a lingering look at the full moon she said in thoughtful, plaintive tones: "Before a new moon takes its place I will have joined my sisters in that beautiful land. Now we had better retire to rest, as it is getting late."

Butterfly left the room slowly, with the words of that strange girl ringing in her ears, and when Butterfly looked upon that little face again Anna's soul had winged its flight to that beautiful land, and the frail young form that had known nothing but sickness and poverty will suffer no more.

Darker still hung the shadows of gloom over poor Butterfly. The loss of her young friend and only companion was a great blow to her. She had loved this poor neglected girl very much, and within the walls of the laundress' shabby little home she could find no more happiness, and she implored her angel mother beyond the skies to take her home too.

But the dark cloud that had cast so much gloom over her young life was passing away, and a brighter one was soon to take its place. For her ever faithful friend Jasmine Sutherland was fast flitting amidst the soft velvets of an easy train over the heathery hills of Scotland to her aid. Meanwhile Mrs. Baxton in her excitement had forgotten to give Butterfly a note from Walter; the poor over-worked mother of the dead girl was stupid from grief and toil.

She turned to Butterfly and said, her tears falling fast, "Soon my five little ones will be sleepin' side by side." She



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wrung her poor red hands as she cried aloud: "Desolate, all is desolate! Would to God that I too were asleep with my little ones."

Butterfly laid a white hand gently on her shoulder as she said: "Do not grieve, my dear woman. Your daughter is at rest; pain and poverty cannot reach her now. What would become of her if you had to go? Is it not much better to give her to her Maker than to leave her to the mercy of the stranger?"

Mrs. Baxton partly smiled through her tears as she wiped them away and said: "Yes, Miss, she is safe in his keepin'. I will grieve no more. I would not want her to travel the weary road that I have travelled."

Mrs. Baxton arose and left the room to answer a summons, a grief-stricken mother though she wore a calm expression.

She soon returned with a note, saying, "I forgot to give you this. It came this mornin'. You must excuse me; I scarcely know what I'm doin'," and the woman left the room as abruptly as she had entered.

Butterfly received the note very gladly. She could never forget Walter's kindness to the dead girl, as he had brightened her last days.

"He will be so surprised when he comes to find her dead," she mused.

It was a charming, pleading little note, asking if he could call the following evening at 8:30 P. M.

The following afternoon Butterfly was sitting in her garret room, looking down on the street through a small window at the groups of poorly clad children who surrounded the laundress' little home. They were whispering to one another something about the dead girl. Butterfly could not hear; she tried to catch the words, but they were quite subdued. "They seem to regret something," she mused. Probably her mind was too upset, her thoughts too far away for her to understand. She



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yearned for something,—perhaps to clasp the hand and hear the kind words of an old friend once more. Something like a thrill of joy filled her lonely heart, as she thought, “Mr. Lovejoy is coming.”

For, in spite of Anna’s warning quotation from Shakespeare, her heart was slipping out to this handsome stranger. A battle was being waged in her breast,—should she throw herself on his mercy, or should she wait a little longer the coming of Jasmine? Her health was failing her; she was despondent and nearly heart-broken.

“I will stretch my helpless hands to him for aid,” she said, for she had no other friend than the dark-eyed gentleman with the deep, musical voice. And this is what the amiable Walter Lovejoy was gladly expecting.

But her angel mother’s prayers had not been in vain, for just as the shadows of dusk were spreading over the great city of London, Butterfly heard a carriage roll rapidly up the street, and it drew up before the laundress’ door. A lady alighted,—petite in form, and her movements were graceful, quick, and nervous. She was robed in deepest mourning, and a heavy veil concealed her face. In less than a minute a friend of Mrs. Baxton’s rushed hurriedly up the stairs. “If you please, Miss Fields,” she said, “a lady wishes to see you.” And in another instant Butterfly stood face to face with her former friend and schoolmate,—Jasmine Sutherland.

The two girls gazed at each other speechless; then Butterfly’s surprise found words! She threw her arms around Jasmine’s neck and said, with a sob, “Oh, Jasmine!”

Tears of joy partly relieved her of the terrible strain she had been undergoing, and for several minutes the two girls wept together, for each heart knows its own sorrow. Then Butterfly wiped her tears and led the way to her little room. Jasmine shuddered as she passed the silent chamber of death, and although gloom reigned in the laundress’ little home, But-



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terfly could not suppress the joy that filled her soul for that moment. She said to herself, "I ought not to be so happy in the presence of death," but she was unable to suppress her joy.

As Butterfly entered her cheerless little room she told Jasmine to be seated, saying: "You must excuse this place. . . . May I ask what is the meaning of this sombre garb? . . . I hope — I hope your dear mother and Violet are well. Dear, sweet Violet, how I long to see her again."

But the answer that came was a broken sob. When Jasmine could command her voice sufficiently to speak she said: "She is numbered with the innocent dead. She was deceived by a cunning villain. She was the light and joy of the home, and how much you do remind me of her. We called her Violet because she was born when the fields were bedecked with those fair flowerets, and on her eighteenth birthday we laid her to rest, and those ever remindful flowers still bloom on."

Had Butterfly not been of heroic blood, she would have fainted at Jasmine's feet.

This painful, pitiful story had touched her more than anything she had ever heard before, and her own weary past had left her very weak and delicate.

She drew the trembling Jasmine gently to her little couch, while she sat at her feet, saying sadly, "Tell me all about that beautiful flower," for she saw that Jasmine was on the verge of collapse.

"Oh," said Jasmine, "her history is a sad and pitiful one," and with trembling hands she dried her tears. "Violet and I went to France to study. Violet studied painting and I studied music. Mother, as you know, was not strong enough to accompany us. She always placed great confidence in me. As mother bid us adieu she called me aside, and told me that I must be mother and sister both now. . . . Violet, poor child, her heart was overflowing with supreme happiness; she thought she could bring the world to her feet by the mere stretching



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out of her hands. For one year she knew nothing but happiness. She charmed everyone; the girls envied her; men were fascinated by her delicate beauty. She progressed wonderfully with her beautiful art." And here Jasmine's face grew as white as marble as she said, "Then came the path of sorrow. She met and fell desperately in love with a handsome villain who had a pair of magnetic, dark eyes and a deep musical voice. Talking to her and warning her as I did seemed only to increase her love for him. He seemed to mesmerize her. Violet was very wilful, but her heart was as pure as the flower she was named for. She used to tell me laughingly that when I would know Arnin I would love him too."

"What was his name?" gasped Butterfly, astonished.

"Arnin Kembwell," Jasmine replied. "He told us he was of Spanish and English extraction, but that he was a native of Spain. But I never believed him."

"Go on," said Butterfly, with bowed head.

"Violet used to tell me laughingly, her whole face radiant with love and trusting innocence, that underneath every one of Arnin's dark raven curls lay little Cupids, but I told her," and Jasmine's voice grew furious with anger, "that underneath every one of his raven curls lay little devils. Oh! I wish I could forget him and the memories of that awful past. They went through a form of marriage. He led her to believe she was his wife. He also begged her to keep it a secret until he could win the consent of his proud mother. Only two persons in France beside himself had any knowledge of the affair. He compelled her to live under a cloud for over three months; but even then she was happy. He gradually grew tired of her and disappeared. No tidings could be found of him any more than if he had dropped into the raging waters of an angry sea. For a time she watched, wept, and prayed for his return, but to no avail. Then she knew it was hope-



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less, and weary of life and heartbroken she returned to her native land, where she died shortly afterwards. We then laid her away in the family resting-place, beneath her namesakes, the violets. And oh, to think that he is free,—free to seek another victim.” The girl’s voice became furious and inconsolable. She paced the floor of the tiny room, her hazel eyes flashing fires of vengeance, her bosom heaving like the swelling waves of the sea. She clenched her small white hands, saying: “I shall never die until I revenge the wrong of my innocent sister.”

Butterfly arose and walked over to the girl, who was now frantic with grief and indignation. She placed her arm affectionately around Jasmine’s slender waist, saying: “This is indeed pitiful,—dreadful,—but a thousand times would I prefer to be the innocent victim than the deliberate villain who used virtue as a cloak and marriage as a decoy. That pure innocent face that he so cruelly wronged is ever before him, and his conscience burns his very soul.”

“Conscience,” said Jasmine, trembling with indignation, “such a man as that possesses no conscience.”

“You may think so,” said Butterfly gently; “and in your case I cannot blame you, but a conscience he possesses and the early training of his beloved mother ever passes before his mind. And many a good and admirable mother has reared such a son, and the words and warnings of such a mother ever reproaches him for wrong-doing, and very often in order to drown that troubled conscience he has sought the wine cup as a daily companion. Yes, and sometimes he even plans his own end.” Butterfly could scarcely utter the last few words; a lump arose in her throat. “It is all so pitiful,” she moaned, —“that poor Violet should meet with such a fate.”

Jasmine’s keen eyes took in the situation in a glance. She saw that Butterfly was too overburdened with her own sor-



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rows just then to listen to her sad and pitful story, for her fair young face was stamped with woe at the sight of Butterfly's sad face.

Jasmine hid her anger and said, "We will not talk about this painful story just now. I can see the hand of destiny has not dealt very gently with you,"—glancing around the squalid room.

"Yes," said Butterfly; "who knows where the cruel hand of destiny would have whirled me if it were not for you?" She tried to hide her tears and aching heart.

For a moment there was silence, then Jasmine said, her face waxing white and calm: "I have come to carry you off to my dear old Scottish home. And you must take the vacant chair of my dear sweet sister. Mother and I have longed for this."

Butterfly's pale, sad face brightened with unspeakable gratitude, and after a moment's silence she said in low plaintive tones, "Heaven will ever reward you for your noble kindness is all that I can say," and she thought of the difference between Jasmine and the proud young heiress Dorothy Gregg.

"Oh!" said Jasmine excitedly, "have you heard the news of Dorothy? I mean Dorothy Gregg, your rival and school-mate in the convent of St. Bernard's?"

"No," said Butterfly, "I have not. I never dreamed that sorrow could reach rich beautiful Dorothy."

"Well," said Jasmine, "Lord Millbrook, of Millbrook Manor, her affianced husband, gave a hunt. Dorothy of course was first on the list, and of course first she must remain. Never did she look more beautiful than on that morning, riding beside her promised husband on her prancing spirited bay. Soon they were in pursuit. Like mad fled the hungry yelping hounds. Close beside their terrified prey, first and close beside the hounds, like a bird flying in the air, was Dorothy Gregg,



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leaving her comrades far behind. She came to a high stone wall; her spirited bay refused, but Dorothy used the spur,—you know Dorothy never spared the spur,—and in sight of her astonished comrades who were far behind Dorothy and her unwilling bay cleared the stone wall. On the other side was a steep descent. A cry of warning came from Lord Millbrook's lips, but too late. The beautiful horse fell to rise no more, its neck was broken in two places. Alas for fair, proud Dorothy! She received internal injuries and a broken spine. The first word she spoke when she gained consciousness was, 'Oh, he will not marry me now!' Indeed too true; Lord Millbrook would not marry her. He heartlessly told her aunt, Lady Isabel Heyburn, that Dorothy was unfit to be his wife now, for he wanted a wife to do honor to his grand old name. Dorothy was very wealthy. She was sole heiress to her mother's estate, and if she should die without issue, her wealth was to be divided among her relations. Lord Millbrook knew this. You know, Butterfly," said Jasmine, "Dorothy always had to be first."

"Yes," gasped Butterfly; "but is there no hope for her recovery?"

"No; the doctors say she is hopelessly injured."

"Poor, imprudent Dorothy," said Butterfly; "by her pride and spur she lived, and by it she shall die."

"Dorothy was indeed a true daughter of the gods," said Jasmine, "but she was as heartless as she was proud. And in her conscious moments she tears her beautiful raven locks that she loved to have adorned, and she cries in agony for death to release her."

"So that is the end," said Butterfly sadly, "so that is the end of beautiful Dorothy," and she remembered the wailing cry that came from the tree tops in Turin Castle.

"Do not tarry any longer in this unhealthy atmosphere,"



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said Jasmine, glancing once more at the squalid room. "I cannot bear to see you here. Prepare right now, and we will get away."

"I cannot go now," said Butterfly, with a sigh. "My little friend is to be buried to-morrow. The last request she made was that I should plant upon her grave with my own hands the flowers that she and I loved so well. Poor child, she longed for the angels to take her. She was my only friend, and often helped to cheer me, in this lonely place. And Mr. Lovejoy is coming this evening. He will be amazed and astonished; he has not heard of her death, and he was extremely good and generous to her, and very kind to me. So I must remain to thank him for his noble kindness."

"And I, as your sister, will also thank him," said Jasmine, grasping her hand gently and firmly.

The soft rays of the silvery moon penetrated into the shabby little room and played full on their pale faces. In this hour of joy and sorrow the evening before the same soft beams had played around poor Anna's face, but that night she lay cold and still in death. Suddenly they heard a gentle knocking, and with a nervous hand Butterfly opened the door. It was indeed Walter, looking handsomer than usual. Jasmine walked to a dark corner of the room to wipe away her tears. Walter told Butterfly he was amazed, and that he regretted very much the death of poor Anna. He was surprised at Butterfly's deathly pallor. Jasmine turned around quickly, as she recognised his voice. She had a good view of him as the soft moonbeams played full upon his handsome face,—the face of her sister's murderer, Arnin Kembwell. Jasmine's heart stood still for a moment; speech failed her.

"Do I dream?" she thought. "No; I do not dream,—it is indeed my sister's betrayer."

Butterfly was about to introduce them, but was terrified at the aspect of Jasmine's face. The fiery Scotch blood throbbed



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madly through her veins, as if her face was bathed in blood, and then she grew paler than the small corpse that lay in the adjoining room. Her eyes glared in the semi-darkness like balls of fire, and the hatred and scorn of a woman wronged sounded in her voice as she said: "Arnin,—Arnin Kembwell; the vengeance of God has overtaken you, but I will be just; I will give you until I count nine to plead for your life."

At the same time, without a tremor in her hand, she leveled a silver-mounted pistol at his heart. It glittered in the moonlight and Arnin Kembwell staggered back a step. He grasped hold of Butterfly as if to keep from falling. Too much astonished to speak, he stood and stared, a sickly pallor overspreading his face, his limbs trembling with terror.

At length he moaned hoarsely, "Spare me for my proud mother's sake."

But Jasmine replied, with a cold ring of hatred in her voice: "Did you spare the mother of the innocent victim you so cruelly wronged? Picture a grief-stricken mother bowed down with sorrow in her latter days."

As Jasmine uttered the last words her face showed no mercy, she was about to fire, her aim was quick and true. Butterfly stood aghast watching this awful scene, trembling at what she beheld, but she was of heroic blood and her heart was brave and true.

Before Jasmine had counted nine Butterfly stood before the terrified wretch, her voice pleading and pitiful. "Jasmine, for the love of Heaven and the sake of your sister that now dwells among the angels, spare this creature's life. His soul is black with sin, he is not fit to meet his Maker. Do not stain your soul with his life's blood."

The words rang loud and clear in the stillness of the house of death, and in an instant a crowd gathered around the scene. "For the blessed Redeemer's sake, what does all this mean?" said Butterfly.



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No one seemed to hear her. Scarcely had the words been spoken when a policeman stumbled breathlessly up the dark stairs, and taking in the situation at a glance placed upon Arnin Kembwell's white hands iron handcuffs, and as they were all led away Jasmine cried out, "May the cold chains of an iron prison for ever bind you; through your false treachery my flowerlike sister lies low, and a home is robbed of its most precious treasure."

Butterfly hid her face in her hands, and broke into a storm of hysterical weeping, and the handsome Arnin Kembwell who seemed to have everything to live for,—honor, fame, and wealth,—was led away in disgrace to a prison cell. He could not bear to stand the disgraceful trial before the world and his beloved mother, but before another day dawned he had to stand on trial before his God. Grief-stricken at his crime that had now been exposed, Arnin Kembwell was found dead in his prison cell, bathed in his own blood, dead by his own hand.

My dear readers, you can better imagine than I can describe his beloved mother's feelings.

The following day Anna was laid beside the still paler sleepers, her sisters. Butterfly, although scarcely able to lift her weary head, attended the funeral. She was not surprised to find a little neglected plot on which grew tall grass blighted by the October winds. No tears fell from her eyes as she beheld the remains of her little companion laid away where we all must sleep some day, and she thought of the few last words Anna uttered,—“Who knows but I may smile down upon you from the golden gates of Heaven?”

As she was busy thinking in this way the little grave was receiving its finishing touches, and a man, standing close by, started to adorn it with Butterfly's flowers.

“No, no, thank you; that is my part,” she said, and with her own hands she placed gently and carefully the flowers that Anna and she loved so well. When all was over and every



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one turned to go, Butterfly lingered a moment over the flower-decked mound, then her sweet face was raised towards the Heavens; she thought she saw a vision of a small figure robed in softest, fairest white, the robes were adorned with glittering jewels in the shape of stars that dazzled her eyes, and this beautiful figure stood on a bower of white roses that seemed to shine fair and pure. The whole scene was tinted with the sunlight of Heaven; on her small head this vision of loveliness wore a crown of glittering stars that sparkled in various colors, nothing like the colors of earth; in her small white hand she held a lily, but above all it was impossible to describe the beauty of the face that wore a calm, serene expression. The light of happiness that shone from that face was lovely to behold; peace and heavenly joy dwelled thereon. This beautiful vision whispered something like this,—“Your troubles, too, shall soon be ended,” then she suddenly disappeared.

Butterfly with a cry of delight fell prostrate on the new-made grave. Kind hands lifted her gently into Jasmine's carriage. She soon revived, and in less than an hour, they started for bright and bonny Scotland and Laurel Hill House. Butterfly was sick for months, but what of that?—for kindness and love soothed her pains.

For two years and a half Butterfly lived with Jasmine, brightening her home by her presence.

But she was an artist of rare talent, and she said to Jasmine, “Why should my ability be wasted?”

So she and Jasmine decided to go to Rome.

About half a league from the palace of St. Peter resides a highly gifted artist. Her dainty little home is semi-surrounded by the walls of a convent. It is June once more, and an Italian sun is slowly setting, flooding her studio with its golden sunbeams, and the fragrance of rare and sweet flowers steals into her room,—a room that is fitted up with simple elegance. The fairest picture that adorns that room is the artist herself.



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She is gowned in a white lace robe, which hangs in graceful folds around her slender waist; her sweet face is pensive, and her lovely thoughtful eyes are looking through the window watching a petite, graceful girl with red brown hair. The girl, her faithful friend Jasmine Sutherland, is listening attentively to the nightingale singing. Sitting opposite her at the other window watching the beauty of the scene is a little kind-faced woman, middle-aged and dressed in black. It is Molly, her mother's faithful servant. She tells Butterfly that she knew those happy days would return for her.

Butterfly answered smilingly, "They are not those happy, childhood days I spent at Ivy Cottage."







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